

LADY'S OWN PAPER

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MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

WE give this week our promised portrait of Balfé, one of the most charming and popular composers that England has produced, whose rather sudden death, from his old enemy, bronchitis, at his country house, Rowney Abbey, Herts, was announced in our columns a few weeks ago. Balfé's fame, it has been well said, was not merely that of the foremost of English musicians of our time, it was European; and there are few countries in which his genial, graceful, and sympathetic melodies have not earned applause. Picturesque, dramatic, and essentially vivacious, his work, extending over many years, never failed to enlist the warmest approval of the general public. His claims to popular favour have rung in the ears of the English people since 1835, when the *Siege of Rochelle* was first produced, and his death will therefore be deeply regretted in most households, though, as the *Daily News* remarked, his name will appeal most powerfully to the middle-aged among us; to those who remember when the Irish composer's songs and ballads were the staple music of every drawing-room. As the tide of time ebbs and flows, it is impossible for even such a phenomenon in English life as a brilliant native composer to retain his full hold on public favour; he must be satisfied if only the finest of his operas and the most original of his songs float down to the new generation. Our young men and maidens who have gone mad about Claribel, or hover irresolutely between Verdi's arias and the Christy Minstrels' ballads of the affections, know but little of the songs which their fathers and mothers sang. The young creatures who are now favoured with the mystic stanzas of Jean Ingelow, or the stirring verses of Kingsley, or the jewelled lines of Tennyson, look possibly at the titles of most of Balfé's songs with disdain. But when all the world went to Drury-lane to see the *Siege of Rochelle* or the *Bohemian Girl*, and when all the world went home to hum over the airs thereof—and papas bought selections for their daughters—and young gentlemen sent Balfé's songs to ladies who were quite young and slim then, whatever



MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFÉ.
(From a Photograph.)

may be their age and figure now—nobody thought of inquiring too closely into the merits of the words, which Balfé's good music made the singers forget.

Balfé was sixty-two years of age at his death, having been born in 1808, at Dublin, where he passed the first few years of his life. He received his early instruction in music from the bandmaster of an infantry regiment which was quartered in the south of Ireland; and when scarcely eight years old made his first appearance in public at a concert at Dublin. At nine years he is said to have written the ballad entitled the "Lover's Mistake," which was sung with so much effect by Madame Vestris. In 1823, having spent the interval in musical studies, he came to London, and

obtained an engagement as principal violin player at the oratorios at Drury-lane, from which he rose to become the occasional leader of the orchestra. From this time forth his star rose rapidly into ascendancy, and a tour, in the course of which he visited the chief cities of France and Italy, at once helped to improve his taste and to establish his reputation as a singer. After a long absence on the Continent he returned to London in 1835. He now made engagements to sing at the Ancient and the Philharmonic Concerts; and he shortly afterwards came out at Drury-lane in the *Siege of Rochelle*, one of his best and most popular compositions. His next opera was the *Maid of Artois*, in which Malibran acquired so much celebrity. This opera was succeeded by *Catherine Grey*, *Falstaff*, *Joan of Arc*, *Kiolanthe*, *Puits d'Amour*, *Four Sons of Aymon*, all with various degrees of success. In 1839 Mr. Balfé became lessee of the English Opera House, but the speculation proved a failure, and in 1845 he became conductor of the Italian Opera in London. The *Bohemian Girl* and the *Daughter of St. Mark* were both brought out at Drury-lane Theatre, and had each a continued run of prosperity, the latter running through more than 100 consecutive nights, a piece of plate being presented to Mr. Balfé by his friends in commemoration of its hundredth performance. Independently of operatic compositions, numberless detached pieces have emanated from his pen which have gained wide popularity. His music was always characterised by an effective

use of orchestral resources in the accompaniments, and a freshness of fancy in the melodies which quickly caught the popular ear.

Balfé married Mdlle. Rosen, a German singer, whom he met at Bergamo in 1830; and his wife sang in England in 1839 and subsequently. One of his daughters, Mdlle. Victoria Balfé, made a very successful *début* at the performances of the Royal Italian Opera at the Lyceum in 1857. She was afterwards well known as an acceptable public singer both in England and on the Continent; and after being married to Sir John Crampton in 1860, and that marriage being dissolved in 1863, she was re-married to the Duke de Frias in Spain.



The Cryptogram.

By the Author of "The Dodge Club," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE AGENT'S REPORT.



IN the south coast of Hampshire there is a little village which looks towards the Isle of Wight. It consists of a single street, and in front is a spacious beach which extends for miles. It is a charming place for those who love seclusion to pass the summer months in, for the view is unsurpassed, and the chances for boating or yachting excellent. The village inn is comfortable, and has not yet been denuded by the influx of wealthy strangers, while there are numerous houses where visitors may secure quiet accommodation and a large share of comfort.

It was about six weeks after the disappearance of Hilda, and about a fortnight after Zillah's departure in search of her, that a man drove into the village from Southampton, up to a house which was at the extreme eastern end, and inquired for Miss Davis. He was asked to come in; and after waiting for a few minutes in the snug parlour, a lady entered. The slender and elegant figure, the beautiful features, and well-bred air of this lady, need not be again described to those who have already become acquainted with Miss Krieff. Nor need Gualtier's personal appearance be recounted once more to those who have already a sufficient acquaintance with his physiognomy.

She shook hands with him in silence, and then, taking a chair and motioning him to another, she sat for some time looking at him. At length she uttered one single word—

"Well?"

"It's done," said Gualtier, solemnly. "It's all over." Hilda caught her breath—giving utterance to what seemed something between a sob and a sigh, but she soon recovered herself.

Gualtier was sitting near to her. He leaned forward as Hilda sat in silence, apparently overcome by his intelligence, and in a low whisper he said:—

"Do you not feel inclined to take a walk somewhere?"

Hilda said nothing, but, rising, she went upstairs, and in a few minutes returned dressed for a walk. The two then set out, and Hilda led the way to the beach. Along the beach they walked for a long distance, until at length the came to a place which was remote from any human habitation. Behind was the open country, before them the sea, whose surf came rolling in in long, low swells, and on either side lay the beach. Here they sat down on some rocks that rose above the sand, and for some time said nothing. Hilda was the first to speak. Before saying anything, however, she looked all round, as though to assure herself that they were out of the reach of listeners. Then she spoke, in a slow, measured voice:—

"Is she gone, then?"

"She is," said Gualtier.

There was another long silence. What Hilda's feelings were could not be told by her face. To outward appearance she was calm and unmoved, and perhaps she felt so in her heart. And yet, on the other hand, it may have been something more than this. Gualtier sat looking at her in silence, waiting for her to speak again, attending on her wishes as usual; for this man, who could be so merciless to others, in her presence resigned all his will to hers, and seemed to be only anxious to do her pleasure, whatever it might be.

"Tell me about it," said Hilda, at length, without moving, and still keeping her eyes fixed abstractedly on the sea.

Gualtier then began with his visit to Zillah at Tenby. He spoke of Zillah's joy at getting the letter, and her eager desire to be once more with her friend, and so went on till the time of their arrival at Marseilles. He told how Zillah all the way could talk of nothing else than Hilda; of her feverish anxiety to travel as fast as possible; of her fearful anticipations that Hilda might have a relapse, and that after all she might be too late; how excited she grew, and how despairing when she was told that the steamers had stopped running, and how eagerly she accepted his proposal to go on in a yacht. The story of such affectionate devotion might have moved even the hardest heart, but Hilda gave no sign of any feeling whatever. She sat motionless—listening, but saying nothing.

"With Mathilde," he continued, "I had some difficulty. She was very unwilling to leave her mistress at such a time to make a voyage alone, but she was a timid creature, and I was able to work upon her fears. I told her that her mistress had committed a crime against the English laws in running away and living under an assumed name; that her husband was now in England, and would certainly pursue his wife, have her arrested, and punish severely all who had aided or abetted her. This terrified the silly creature greatly; and then, by the offer of a handsome sum and the promise of getting her a good situation, I soothed her fears and gained her consent to desert her mistress. She is now in London, and has already gained a new situation."

"Where?" said Hilda, abruptly.

"In the seminary at Highgate with which I was connected formerly. She is teacher of French, on a good salary."

"Is that safe?" said Hilda, after some thought.

"Why not?"

"Still I should be better satisfied if she were in France—or somewhere."

"Should you? Then I can get her a place in France where you will never hear of her again."

Hilda was silent.

"My plan about the yacht," said Gualtier, "was made before I left London. I said nothing to you about it, for I thought it might not succeed. The chief difficulty was to obtain men devoted to my interests. I made a journey

to Marseilles first, and found out that there were several vessels of different sizes for sale. The yacht was the best and most suitable for our purposes, and, fortunately, it remained unsold till I had reached Marseilles again with her. I obtained the men in London. It was with some difficulty, for it was not merely common fellows I wanted, but seamen who could sail a vessel, and at the same time be willing to take part in the act I contemplated. I told them that all that was required of them was to sail for two days or so and then leave the vessel. I think they imagined it was a plan to make money by insuring the vessel and then deserting her. Such things are often done. I had to pay the sailors heavily; but I was not particular, and, fortunately, they all turned out to be of the right sort, except one—but no matter about him."

"Except one," said Hilda. "What do you mean by that?"

"I will explain after a while," said Gualtier. "If she had not been so innocent," continued Gualtier, "I do not see how my plan could have succeeded. But she knew nothing. She didn't even know enough to make inquiries herself. She accepted all that I said with the most implicit trust. It was, therefore, the easiest thing in the world to manage her. Her only idea was to get to you."

"We deserted the yacht at midnight, after having scuttled her, and made our way to Leghorn. I paid the men off and dismissed them. I myself came back to London immediately, over the Alps, through Germany. I thought it best to avoid Marseilles. I do not know what the men did with themselves; but I think that they would have made some trouble for me if I had not hurried away. The special one to whom I have already referred, and who was known as Bill, said as much when I was paying them. He said that when he made the bargain he thought it was only some 'insurance business,' and if he had known what it was to have been he would have made a different bargain. We parted with some high words—he vowing vengeance, and I saying nothing. I now find I have been tracked all the way from Leghorn."

been rising, began to approach them, until at last the first advance waves came within a few inches of Hilda's feet. She did not notice it; but this occurrence gave Gualtier a chance to interrupt her meditations.

"The tide is rising," he said, abruptly; "the next wave will be up to us. We had better move."

It was with a start that Hilda roused herself. Then she rose slowly, and walked up the beach with Gualtier.

"I should like very much to know," said he, at length, in an insinuating voice, "if there is anything more that I can do just now."

"I have been thinking," said Hilda, without hesitation, "of my next course of action, and I have decided to go back to Chetwynde at once."

"To Chetwynde!"

"Yes, and to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow!"

"There is no cause for delay," said Hilda. "The time has at last come when I can act."

"To Chetwynde?" repeated Gualtier. "I can scarcely understand your purpose."

"Perhaps not," said Hilda, drily, "it is one that need not be explained, for it will not fail to reveal itself in the course of time under any circumstances."

"But you have some ostensible purpose for going there? You cannot go there merely to take up your abode on the old footing?"

"I do not intend to do that," was the cool response. "You may be sure that I have a purpose. I am going to make certain very necessary arrangements for the advent of Lady Chetwynde."

"Lady Chetwynde?" repeated Gualtier, with a kind of gasp.

"Yes," said Hilda, who by this time had recovered her usual self-control, and exhibited all her old force of character, her daring, and her coolness, which had long ago given her such an ascendancy over Gualtier. "Yes," she repeated, quietly returning the other's look of amazement, "and why should I not? Lady Chetwynde has been absent for her health. Is it not natural that she should send me to make preparations for her return to her own home? She prefers it to Pomeroy."

Gualtier turned deadly pale, as a thought struck him which filled him with bewilderment. Could he fathom her purpose? Was the idea that occurred to him in very deed the one which was in her mind? Could it be? And was it for this that he had laboured?

"Is Lord Chetwynde coming home?" he asked, at length, as Hilda looked at him with a strange expression.

"Lord Chetwynde? I should say, most certainly not."

"Do you know for certain?"

"No. I have narrowly watched the papers, but have found out nothing, nor have any letters come which could tell me; but I have reasons for supposing that the very last thing that Lord Chetwynde would think of doing would be to come home."

"Why do you suppose that? Is there not his rank, his position, and his wealth?"

"Yes; but the correspondence between him and Lady Chetwynde has for years been of so very peculiar a nature—that is, at least, on Lady Chetwynde's part—that the very fact of her being in England would, to a man of his character, be sufficient, I should think, to keep him away for ever. And therefore I think that Lord Chetwynde will endure his grief about his father, and perhaps overcome it, in the Indian residency to which he was lately appointed. Perhaps he may end his days there—who can tell! If he should, it would be too much to expect that Lady Chetwynde would take it very much to heart."

"But suppose, in spite of all this, that he should come home."

"That is a fact which should never be lost sight of," said Hilda, very gravely—"nor is it ever lost sight of; one must be prepared to encounter such a thing as that."

"But how?"

"Oh, there are various ways," said Hilda.

"He can be avoided, shunned, fled from," said Gualtier, "but how can he be encountered?"

"If he does come," said Hilda, "he will be neither avoided nor shunned. He will be most assuredly encountered—and that, too, face to face!"

Gualtier looked at her in fresh perplexity. Not yet had he fathomed the full depth of Hilda's deep design.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REMODELING THE HOUSEHOLD.

Two or three days afterwards Hilda, attended by Gualtier, drove up to the inn of the little village near Chetwynde Castle. Gualtier stopped here, and Hilda drove on to the Castle itself. Her luggage was with her, but it was small, consisting of only one trunk, which looked as though it were her intention to make but a short stay. On her arrival the servants all greeted her respectfully, and asked eagerly after Lady Chetwynde. Her ladyship, Hilda informed them, was still too unwell to travel, but was much better than when she left. She had sent her to make certain arrangements for the reception of Lord Chetwynde, who was expected from India at no very distant date. She did not as yet know the time of his probable arrival; but when she had learned it, she herself would come to Chetwynde Castle to receive him; but until that time she would stay away. The place where she was staying just at present was particularly healthy. It was a small village on the coast of Brittany, and Lady Chetwynde was anxious to defer her return to the latest possible moment. Such was the information which Hilda condescended to give to the servants, who received the news with unfeigned delight, for they all dearly loved that gentle girl, whose presence at Chetwynde had formerly brightened the whole house, and with whose deep grief over her last bereavement they had all most sincerely sympathised.

Hilda had many things to do. Her first duty was to call on Mrs. Hart. The poor old housekeeper still continued in a miserable condition, hovering, apparently, between life and death, and only conscious at intervals of what was going on around her. That consciousness was not strong enough to make her miss the presence of

Over two hours had passed since they first sat down here, and now, at length, the tide, which had all the while

Zillah, nor did her faculties, even in her most lucid intervals, seem to be fully at work. Her memory did not appear to suggest at any time those sad events which had brought her down to this. It was only at times that she exhibited any recollection of the past, and that was confined altogether to "Guy," to him whom, in whispered words, she called "her boy." Mrs. Hart was not at all neglected. Susan, who had once been the upper housemaid, had of late filled the place of housekeeper, which she could easily do, as the family was away and the duties were light. She also, with her sister Mary, who was the under housemaid, was assiduous in watching at the bedside of the poor old creature, who lay there hovering between life and death. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the kindness and tenderness of these two humble but noble-hearted girls; and even if Zillah herself could have been brought to that bedside the poor sufferer could not have met with more compassionate affection, and certainly could not have found such careful nursing.

Hilda visited Mrs. Hart, and exhibited such tenderness of feeling that both Susan and Mary were touched by it. They knew that Mrs. Hart had never loved her, but it seemed now as if Hilda had forgotten all that former coldness, and was herself inspired by nothing but the tenderest concern. But Hilda had much to attend to, and after about half an hour she left the room to look after those more important matters for which she had come.

What her errand was the servants soon found out. It was nothing less than a complete change in the household. That household had never been large, for the late Earl had been forced by his circumstances to be economical. He never entertained company, and was satisfied with keeping the place, inside and outside, in an ordinary state of neatness.

The servants who now remained may easily be mentioned. Matilda had gone away. Mrs. Hart lay on a sick bed. There was Susan, the upper housemaid, and Mary, her sister, the under housemaid. There was Roberts, who had been the late Earl's valet, a smart, active young man, who was well known to have a weakness for Susan; there was the cook, Martha, a formidable personage, who considered herself the most important member of that household; and besides these there were the coachman and the groom. These composed the entire establishment. It was for the sake of getting rid of these, in as quiet and inoffensive a way as possible, that Hilda had now come; and towards evening she began her work by sending for Roberts.

"Roberts," said she, with dignity, as that very respectable person made his appearance, carrying in his face the consciousness of one who had possessed the late Earl's confidence, "I am intrusted with a commission from her ladyship to you. Lord Chetwynde is coming home, and great changes are going to be made here. But her ladyship cannot forget the old household; and she told me to mention to you how grateful she felt to you for all your unwearied care and assiduity in your attendance upon your lady master, especially through his long and painful illness; and she is most anxious to know in what way she can be of service to you. Her ladyship has heard Matilda speak of an understanding which exists between you and Susan, the upper housemaid; and she is in hopes that she may be able to further your views in the way of settling yourself; and so she wished me to find out whether you had formed any plans, and what they were."

"It's like her ladyship's thoughtfulness and consideration," said Roberts, gratefully, "to think of the likes of me. I'm sure I did nothing for my lord beyond what it were my bounden duty to do; and a pleasanter and affabler spoke gentleman than his lordship were nobody ever want to see. I never expect to meet with such another. As to Susan and me," continued Roberts, looking sheepish, "we was a 'thing' of a public, when so be as we could see our way to it."

"Where were you thinking of taking one?"

"Well, miss, you see I'm a Westmorlandshire man; and somehow I've a handkerchief after the old place."

"And you're quite right, Roberts," said Hilda, in an encouraging tone. "A man is always happier in his native place among his own people. Have you heard of an opening there?"

Roberts, at this, looked more sheepish still, and did not answer until Hilda had repeated her question.

"Well, to be plain with you, miss," said he, "I had a letter this very week from my brother, telling me of a public in Keswick was for sale—good-will, stock, and all, and a capital situation for business—towards the whole summer through, and a little something 'a-doin' in winter. Susan and me was a-regrettin' the limitation of our means, miss."

"That seems a capital opening, Roberts," said Hilda, very graciously. "It would be a pity to lose it. What is the price?"

"Well, miss, it's a pretty penny, but it's the stand makes it, miss—right on the shores of the lake—boats to let at all hours, inquire within. They are 'a-skin' five hundred pound, miss."

"Is that unreasonable?"

"Situation considered, on the contrary, miss; and Susan and me has two hundred pound between us in the saving-bank. My lord was a generous master. Now if her ladyship would lend me the extra money I'd pay her back as fast as I made it."

"There is no necessity for that," said Hilda. "Three hundred pounds happens to be the very sum which her ladyship mentioned to me. So now I commission you in her name to make all the necessary arrangements with your brother; or, better still, go at once yourself—a man can always arrange matters more satisfactorily himself—and I will let you have the money in three days, with Lady Chetwynde's best wishes for the success of your undertaking, and we will see," she added, with a smile, "if we cannot get pretty Susan a wedding-dress, and anything else she may need. And now," she concluded, gaily, "go and make your arrangements with Susan, and don't let any foolish bashfulness on her part prevent you from hastening matters. It would not do for you to let this chance slip through your fingers. I will see that she

is ready. Her ladyship has something for her too, and will not let her go to you empty-handed."

"I never, never can thank her ladyship nor you enough," said Roberts, "for what you have done for me this day. Might I make so bold as to write a letter to her ladyship, to offer her my respectful dooty?"

"Yes, Roberts—do so, and give me the letter. I shall be writing to-night, and will inclose it. By-the-bye, are not Mary and Susan sisters?"

"They be, miss—sisters and orphans."

"Well, then," said she, "see that you do not take more than you are entitled to; for though her ladyship lets you carry Susan off, you must not cast covetous eyes on Mary too; I allow she would make a very pretty little housemaid, but she is a particularly good housemaid, and we can't spare her."

Roberts grinned from ear to ear.

"I can't pretend to manage the women, miss," said he; "you must speak to Mary;" and then, with a low bow, Roberts withdrew.

Hilda gave a sigh of relief. "There are three disposed of," she murmured. "This is a fair beginning."

On the following day she gave Roberts a cheque for the money drawn by Zillah Chetwynde. Waving off his thanks she dismissed him, and sent for the cook. That functionary quickly appeared. She was short of stature, large of bulk, red of face, fluent of speech, hasty of temper—*en reste*, she was a good cook and faithful servant. She bobbed to Hilda on entering, and, closing the door, stood with folded arms and belligerent aspect, like a porcupine armed for defence on the slightest appearance of hostilities.

"Good-morning, Martha," said Hilda, with great sauvage. "I hope your rheumatism has not been troubling you since the warm weather set in?"

Martha bobbed with a more mollified air.

"Her ladyship is very sorry," continued Hilda, "she is unable to return herself just yet, but she has asked me to attend to several matters for her, and one of them is connected with you, Martha. She has received a letter from his lordship stating that he was bringing with him a staff of servants, and among them a French cook."

Here Martha assumed the porcupine again, with every quill on end; but she said nothing, though Hilda, paused for an instant. Martha wished to commit Miss Krieff to a proposition, that she might have the glory of rejecting it with scorn. So Hilda went on:—

"Your mistress was afraid that you might not care about taking the place of under-cook where you have been head, and as she was anxious to avoid hurting your feelings in any way, she wished me to tell you of this beforehand."

Another moment and the apoplexy which had been threatening since the moment when "under-cook" had been mentioned would have been a fact, but luckily for Martha her overcharged feelings here broke forth with accents of bitterest scorn.

The upshot of this interview was the hasty resignation of the cook, and thus the most difficult part of Hilda's business had been quietly accomplished. Nothing now remained but to see the coachman and groom, each of whom she graciously dismissed with a handsome present. She told them, however, to remain for about a week, until their successors might arrive. The large present which the liberality of Lady Chetwynde had given them enabled them to bear their lot with patience, and even pleasure.

After about a week Gualtier came up to Chetwynde Castle. He had been away to London, and brought word to Hilda that some of the new servants were expected in a few days. It was soon known to Roberts, Susan, and Mary, that Gualtier had been made steward by Lady Chetwynde. He took possession of one of the rooms, and at once entered upon the duties of this office. On the day of his arrival Hilda left, saying to the remaining servants that she should never come back again, as she intended to live in the south of France. She shook hands with each of them very graciously, making each one a present in her own name, and accompanying it with a neat little speech. She had never been popular among them; but now the thought that they would never see her again, together, perhaps, with a handy handsome presents which she had made, and her very kind words, affected them deeply, and they showed some considerable feeling.

Under such circumstances Hilda took her departure from Chetwynde Castle, leaving Gualtier in charge. In a few days the new servants arrived, and those of the old ones who had thus far remained now took their departure. The household was entirely remodelled. The new ones took up their places; and there was not one single person there who knew anything whatever about the late Earl, or Hilda, or Gualtier.

In thus remodelling the household it was somewhat enlarged. There was the new housekeeper, a staid, matronly, respectable-looking woman; three housemaids, who had formerly lived in the north of England; a coachman, who had never before been out of Kent; a butler, who had formerly served in a Scotch family; two footmen, one of whom had served in Yorkshire and the other in Cornwall; two grooms, who had been bred in Yorkshire; a cook, who had hitherto passed all her life in London; and three kitchen-maids, who had also served in that city. Thus the household was altogether new, and had been collected by Gualtier with a view rather to the place from which they had come than to any great excellence on the part of any of them.

One only was left of the old number. This was Mrs. Hart. But she lay on her sick-bed, and Hilda looked upon her as one whose life was doomed. Had any thought of her possible recovery entered her mind, she would have contrived in some way to get rid of her. In spite of her illness, she did not lack attention; for the new housekeeper attached herself to her, and gave her the kindest care and warmest sympathy.

Last of all, so complete had been Hilda's precautions in view of possible future difficulties, that when Gualtier came as the new steward he came under a new name, and was known to the household as Mr. McKensie.

(To be continued.)

GOING TO SLEEP.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

GOOD night, Daisy! What, one kiss more; I gave you twenty kisses before; Oh! this is the very last of all, Right on the red lips, so round and small.

And now tumble into the downy bed, That smells like honey-bees, newly fed; Up from the milk-white toes to the chin I'll tick the lilies and dimples in.

Rogue! you are never asleep so quick—I knew it, you witch, 'tis the same old trick; And Johnny Clover and Artie Dew Hating each other downstairs for you.

I don't like either, my sister pet, So laugh and giggle, or pout and fret; Johnny is rich, and Artie is wise, But somebody else has the bonniest eyes.

And somebody, heigho! won't come to-night; So here's for a frolic, you winsome sprite. That's fair; the pillows were made for balls, And babies for love pets, and hugs and falls.

Don't cry, darling, I'll kiss the bruiser, And tell the story of daddy's shoes, That once walked straight through the clinging snow, But daddy's stockings were in them though.

"And daddy's toes?" You're a witch to guess: And since you are so wondrously clever, yes, Hush! church-bells ring on the clear, soft air, And fairies are gambolling everywhere.

A story! Well, listen: "Once"—yawning, oh, fie! "Boy Jack built a bean-ladder up to the sky; And he found at the top—" It has come like the sweep Of the fine falling blossoms, and Daisy's asleep.

Now Artie is off—'tis his foot on the stair, And Johnny'll soon follow in rage and despair. They're gone, and the church-bells grow fitful and faint, And the sweet air, so pitiful, echoes the plaint.

A step on the gravel—a voice! He is there! I'll run to the mirror and watch my hair; For though Johnny is wealthy and Artie is wise, I love somebody else for his laughing brown eyes.

A German Landlady.

PART II.

"OH, my lady, am I to go where you go, and see all?" she exclaimed, in the morning, when I told her to be ready at nine to drive with me. "Oh, never did I think to see so much." She had evidently had in the outset a fear that she would see little except at the railway-stations and hotels. She little knew how much pleasure I anticipated in her companionship.

They are cruel who tell you that a day is time enough to see Nuremberg. It is a place to spend two weeks in; to lounge on doorsteps, and peer into shadowy places; to study old stones inch by inch, and grow slowly wonted to all its sombre picturesqueness.

As we stood looking at Peter Vische's exquisite carvings on the shrine of St. Sebald's, I pointed out to the Fräulein the bas-relief representing St. Sebald's miracle with the icicle. She looked with cold, steady eyes at the finely-chiselled fire which was represented curling upward from the little pile of broken icicle, and then said, "Do you believe, my lady?"

"Oh no, Fräulein," said I. "I can't quite believe that icicles ever made so good a fire as that, even for a sake. But I suppose you believe it, 'do you not?'"

"Oh no, I not. The Church ask too much to believe. If one would believe all, one cannot do," said she, in a tone of timidity and hesitation quite unusual for her; and a moment later, still more hesitatingly, "Have you read Renan, my lady?"

I started. Was this my German landlady, who spent most of her time over her cooking-stove, asking me if I read Renan? "Yes," I said, "I have read most of his books. Have you?"

"Oh yes, and I like so much. My confessor he say he no more give me—" (here she halted: the long word "absolution" was too much for her, and she made a sweeping gesture of benediction to indicate it)—"he no more give me—so if I not put away that book; so I go not to him, now, two year, because I will not make lie."

How she laughed the Nuremberg jewellers into selling me oxidised silver cheaper than they meant to! How she persuaded the stolid Nuremberg "cocher" to drive faster, at least ten times faster, than was his wont! And how, most marvellous of all, she convinced the keeper of the Nuremberg cemetery, where Albert Dürer was buried, that it could do no harm for me to bring away a big bunch of bright smach leaves from one of the trees! I should as soon have thought of appealing to one of the carved Baumgartner burghers on their stone slabs to give me permission; but the Fräulein was too much for the keeper. He turned his back, so as not to seem to condone the offence, and satisfied his conscience by calling out, "Enough, enough, you have taken enough," several times before we were ready to stop picking. How quickly she saw and how keenly she felt the best things! Much more I saw in that one day of Nuremberg, for having her by my side; and very short I found the next day's railroad ride to Mayence, by help of her droll comments on all that happened.

Curled up in one corner were a fat old German and his wife, and opposite them an officer with his young bride. The officer and the burgher talked incessantly

with great vehemence. I saw that the Fräulein listened with keenest attention; it was evidently all she could do to keep quiet. At the first opportunity she said to me:

"Oh, my lady, he are Ultramontane, the fat man; he are Senator; they talk always about our Government. I like so much to hear what they say; but the fat man he are such fool."

The Senator's wife looked like a man in woman's clothes—hard featured, bony, hideous. As night came on she proceeded to make her toilet; she took off her boots, and put on huge worsted shoes, bound with scarlet; on her head she put a knit cap, of cranberry red; above that, the hood of her grey waterproof; above all this, a white silk handkerchief, tied right under her chin; on top of all, her round hat. The effect was like nothing in earth but a great woollen gargyle. The Senator looked on as complacently as if it were the adorning of Venus herself.

"Oh my lady, have you seen what she make for mouth when she speak?" said the Fräulein. I had not, for we were on the same side of the carriage. "My lady, you must see. I will make that she speak for you," said the malicious Fräulein, drawing nearer to the unsuspecting victim, and asking some question in the friendliest of voices. I forgave the unchristian trick, however, at sight of the mouth in motion.

After the Senator and the officer had both left the carriage, the Fräulein told me the substance of their discussion; political questions seemed familiar to her; she had her own opinion of every candidate; and, oh, how she did hate the Ultramontanes! "Oh, my lady, this Senator he wish to have for president a man who make always his walk backwards. Never he go forwards."

It took me some seconds to comprehend that this was the Fräulein's English for a conservative, the thing she hated with her whole heart.

The sun shone brightly on the fields and woods. She exclaimed with delight at each new mile, "Oh, how I like to see smoke go up from house."

her eyes, as the boat swung slowly round from the pier, and began to glide down the river. And now began a new series of surprises. From Mayence to Cologne there was not a ruin of which my Fräulein did not know the story. Baderker was superseded, except for the names of places; as soon as I mentioned them to her she invariably replied, "Oh yes, I know; and have you read, my lady, how," &c. The Johannisberg Castle, given to Metternich by his Emperor, the cruel Hatto's Tower, the Devil's Ladder, the Seven Virgins, the Lurley, the Brothers, Rolandseck and Nonnenworth—she knew them all by heart; and for the sake of hearing the time-worn old stories, in her delicious broken English, I pretended to have forgotten all the legends. Nothing moved her so much as the sight of the two rocky peaks on which the two brothers had lived, and looked down on the Bornhofen Convent in which their beloved Hildegard was shut up.

"Oh, each brother, he could see her if she walk in that garden," she said, with tears in her eyes. "Now, it come no more that a man love so much, so long, so true."

Throughout our whole journey the Fräulein's astonishment was unbounded at the poor fare and the high prices. In her beautiful goodness, she had supposed that all landlords were content as she, with moderate profits, and anxious, as she, to give to their guests the best food.

By dint of the Cologne and Düsseldorf line of steamboats, and the Netherland steamship line, and endless questioning and unloading and lading, the Fräulein and I and the trunks at last came to land at Rotterdam. We had a day at Cologne, a night at Düsseldorf, and one never-to-be-forgotten night on the river. At Düsseldorf we wandered about the streets for an hour and a half seeking where to lay our heads. Here the poor Fräulein had on her hands, besides me, an English barrister and his wife, who could speak no German, and who drifted very naturally into our wake. What a procession we were, at eleven o'clock of the darkest sort of night, nobody knowing just where he was going, each person thinking somebody else was taking the lead. Suddenly the porters ahead

sheets in the dreary little berth in which must be spent my one night between Rotterdam and London, and to say with great indignation to the surprised stewardess, "Call you those sheets clean, in English? Never my lady sleep in such sheets, from Munich to Rotterdam. Oh, but I think a steamschiff (boat) are place for bad peoples to be punish for sin!"

Then she cried over me a little and went away. I watched her till she had shut the cabdoor, and was being whirled off to take the early train for Munich. Then I, too, shed a few tears, saying to myself, "God bless the old darling. I shall never see her like again."

The story of the Fräulein's life I feel a hesitancy about telling. It stands out so in my memory in its quaint, picturesque, eloquent broken English, that to try to reproduce it is like trying to describe one of Teniers's pictures of peasant life. But nothing, not even the dullness of grammatical speech, can rob it of all its flavour of romance, and no one but myself will know how much it loses in my hands.

(To be concluded next week.)

Our Fine Arts Gallery.

IX.—CALLING IN THE GLEANERS.

THE picture from which this illustration is engraved was first exhibited in the Paris Salon, where it gained many admirers: and certainly it would seem to have fully justified the high praise which was lavished on it by the Parisian critics. It is a pleasing representation of a warm autumn afternoon, like that so sweetly described by our own English poet, when

The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike their scanty harvest pick.

X.—WOMAN OF MONTENEGRO AND CHILD.

Montenegro, or "Black Mountain," so called from the peculiar features of the country, is a small principality situated between the Turkish eyalots of Bosnia



CALLING IN THE GLEANERS.—(From a French Painting by M. JULES BRETON.)

"Oh, find you not the world nice, my lady? I find so nice, I could kiss the world. Always people say, this world are bad world. The world are good world. It are mens that are bad."

Then she would startle me again by farmer-like comments on the country.

"Oh, here are all such poor wood country; I would cut down such poor wood, and make land for other things."

"Now begin to be more good stone, here."

"Oh look, my lady, what nice farm with much meadow for coos." (Never could I persuade the Fräulein to say coos.)

At last I said to her: "Fräulein, you talk like a farmer."

"Ach, my lady," and her face grew clouded, "I make farm for eleven year. I am great farmer. That is all what I love. O, I could die, some time, I such hungry have for my beautiful farm."

By this time I was prepared to hear that my Fräulein had, at one time or another in her life, filled every office for which German towns have an opening, from burgo-master down; but that she had been a farmer I never suspected.

"You must tell me, Fräulein, all about it, when we are on the Rhine. We can talk quietly there."

"Yes, my lady, I tell you. It are like story in book."

For a few moments she looked dreamily and sadly out of the window; but her nature had no room for continued melancholy. Soon she began to laugh again, at sight of the slow, ditch-like Main, on which unwieldy boats and sloops were wriggling along.

"Oh, my lady, this river go all the way as if he think each minute, 'I go no farther.'"

Match that who can for a bit at a sluggish river.

This laughing and listening, and looking out on the pleasant meadows of the Main, we came to Mayence, and at Mayence took boat to go down the Rhine. This was the Fräulein's first sight of the Rhine. All the tenderness and pride and romance of her true German soul were in

of us plumped our trunks down in the middle of the street at the feet of two men with lanterns.

"Really, aw, now this is, aw, the most extraordinary place for a custom-house, aw, 'pon my honour," said the English barrister, whose name was not Dundreary.

"Have you meat or sausages?" said the biggest man, flashing his lantern-light full into our dismayed faces. "Oh merey, no!" shouted we, with bursts of laughter, and such evident honesty, that he let us go, contenting himself with punching the sides of all the carpet-bags.

"Oh, Fräulein, did you tell that man you had no sausages?" said I, sure she could not have eaten up the six I saw her buy at Cologne.

"My dear lady, he say, 'Have you meat or sausage?' and I say, 'No, I have no meat.' I not make lie, I make diplomatique."

From Düsseldorf to Rotterdam it was a day and a night and half a day. The Rhine stretched broader and broader. The shores of Holland seemed slowly going under water, and the windmill arms beat the air wildly, like struggling arms of drowning monsters. It was as cold as winter in the cabin; and it rained pitilessly on the deck. The poor Fräulein read all the magazines which I had bought for her in Cologne, and an old comic almanac which she borrowed from the steward, and at last curled herself up in a corner and went to sleep in despair. The night differed from the day only in being a little colder and darker, and in the Fräulein having a red flannel petticoat over her head. When I woke up and saw her pleasant great face in this ruddy halo of fiery flannel, I felt as comforted as if it had been a noonday sun.

It was at noon of a Thursday that we came, as I said, to land at Rotterdam; but this is hardly the proper phase in which to describe arriving at a place which is nine parts water.

How sorry I grew as the hour came for me to say goodbye to this dear, honest, droll, loving woman I cannot tell. The last thing she did for me was to look at the

and Albania, and separated from the Adriatic by the narrow strip of land known as the Circle of Cattaro, in Austrian Dalmatia. It contains about 1,880 square miles, and is everywhere mountainous, the mountains being in most cases clothed with dark forests of fir and other trees. The villages are small and scattered, the houses, or rather huts, which compose them are very rarely provided with chimneys, and in the elevated districts are mere mud hovels, wretched in the extreme. The Montenegrins are of the Serbian race, and number about 130,000. They are knit together in clans and families, and have many feuds amongst themselves, which are perpetuated by the hereditary obligation of avenging blood. Though almost savages in their warfare, they have an intense love of freedom, and their heroism in defence of their country is worthy of the highest respect. Our illustration, copied from a very clever painting, gives a favourable notion of the almost barbaric love of ornament that marks the wives of their chiefs, but the face of the lady depicted by the artist is surely sufficiently beautiful to win the admiration of even the fair critics of England.

A Viennese Kitchen.

BY BELLE C. BARROWS.



OME, fair Reader! the well-to-do Hausfrau and Theresa, the rosy-cheeked maid, have taken the baskets and gone to the market; now is our time to quietly survey the little kitchen without troubling them by our curiosity. We will sit down on this clean-scrubbed box and observe things in detail. That blueish-white porcelain piece of awful whiteness in the corner takes the place of our convenient ranges or iron stoves. The place for the fire is in the centre, with a single open-

ing over it, which may be enlarged by removing a series of rings. On one side of the fire is the oven, and on the other the hot-water boiler. Happily for our spirit of investigation, Theresa has brought out all the utensils she is to use in preparing dinner, and placed them in order on the range, as they will stand when the fire is made. For these economical people have no fire, summer nor winter, except for ten minutes to make coffee in the morning, and an hour or two at noon for dinner, and again in the evening for tea. Instead of an array of pots and kettles there seems to be a row of iron mugs upon the stove. They have handles on one side in true mug fashion, and are lined with porcelain and provided with tin covers. These are intended to stand on the surface of the stove, and the one hole in the centre is occupied by a saucepan. One misses the hum of the time-honoured tea-kettle. That favourite accompaniment of every stove in England is utterly unknown in these regions, and the inevitable saucepan boils the water for tea or coffee.

Beyond the stove stands a white, beautifully-polished table, which serves in turn for mixing bread and for washing dishes, for a sink for the latter purpose has yet to be introduced. One wonders that a table thus used shows no trace of smoke or soot, but the fact that the cooking dishes—one cannot say kettles—never come in actual contact with the fire explains this. The lower part of the table is utilised by forming a tiny store-room in which is kept the entire supply of flour, sugar, salt, and the like. For, like people in cities generally, these Germans adopt the wrong principle of buying small quantities, instead of large, because it seems cheaper. Fortunately we are visitors in a better sort of kitchen, for whereas ordinarily the room is dark, or lighted from another room, this one has a large sunny window, filled with carnation pinks, thyme, and geraniums. It strikes me as peculiar to associate such flowers with the kitchen, but in Germany there is not a window in the whole house that has not its row of plants.

Well, under the window, upon a low bench, stands a small tub, what the Scotch would call a keeler, filled with water; beside it a heavy stone picher and a queer-shaped barrel. These make the water-works of the family. The funny barrel, very small at the bottom and large at the top, flattened on one side, evidently to fit a back, covered entirely over, except an opening four inches square into which a wooden plug fits, and furnished with a broad cotton strap, is the vehicle for bringing the water from the fountain in the street up the long flights of stairs to the home or dwelling. Twice or thrice a-day our Theresa's young back bends beneath the burden. Through years and years of such toilsome labour the back finally adapts itself to the load, and nothing is more common than to see old women going about whose once straight forms are bent at just the angle necessary to carry the water, and who can by no means stand erect. All burdens are carried in these same woden things. All market produce, coal, wood, milk-cans, and the like, by men as well as women, though far oftener by the latter. The stone picher, which empty is enough to weigh one down, brings the pure drinking water. It is usually carried on the hip or shoulder. But where are all the pails? Pails? They have none. There are no Shakers in Austria. Pail and its rhyming word bail are words which convey no meaning to a German mind. Everything for the hand to carry has simply the one-sided handle! The Scotch unpainted keeler is the water tank. It is white and clean, yet one rebels a little at the thought of cooking

from water that has stood in a tub. The Germans would quite as much rebel should one suggest that a tub would be convenient for washing! All this part of the domestic work is done in long wooden troughs, not hewn out, but made of boards fastened together, and which run a stream in dry weather, in spite of the damp cellars to which they are consigned during the week; or one should rather say "the month," for it would seem a very pitiable life to be obliged to wash every seven days. In Vienna one never washes oftener than twice a-month; in Berlin and other parts of Germany, only once in two or three months. All preparations are made the preceding night, and by two in the morning the match is touched to the fire and the work commences, going on night and day till the clothes are wrung from the last water and hung in the open air. The ironing is the same steady work. They use the old-fashioned pieces of iron, which they heat in the fire and then slip into the brass flat-iron.

Next in turn comes the dresser, partly open, partly covered with glass doors. No bright tin dishes and different sized iron spoons and such conveniences. Brassy

floor? This is our Theresa's bed, answering for a table in the daytime as well. The wooden covers with the calico curtains fold together and reveal an uncertain mass of billowy feather beds, covered with pink gingham, and under and among these, *sems* snowy sheet or pillow-case, her weary form may rest when the day's labour is at an end; and this large wardrobe at the end of the bed is her clothes-press and her trunk. A line stretched across the end of the room, on which coarse linen towels are drying, and an iron door leading into a tiny chamber where a boiler stands for use on washing days, complete the furniture of the room. The walls are white. The ceiling white, ornamented with rich coloured borders. The floor, half stone and half wood, is scrupulously clean, so that it would be a matter of indifference whether one ate from the table or floor, except for a matter of convenience. It is kept clean by the diligent use of the brush and soap. Not as the other rooms of the house, by wax and brush. This latter process, though it makes very shining and beautiful floors—very slippery, too, to the uninitiated in walking upon them—is very wearisome.

It is done by the foot, fitted to a brush, with which one passes over the entire room, polishing a few inches at a time. In Germany it is always done by women; in France, often by men, and with wonderfully slippery success, as any one will remember who has risked his life by a walk through the Louvre. But as beautiful as the shining wooden mosaic is to the eye, and suitable as it may be to public places, it has not the comfort and homelike air of our soft carpets for the parlour and drawing-room. So, also, the tall, white, ghost-like porcelain stoves that stand in the corner, though infinitely to be preferred to our close black "air-tights," fail to give a drawing room the cosy, cheerful appearance that the open fire in the grate affords.

But, hark! there are footsteps on the stone stairs, and the *Hausfrau* and Theresa have returned from the market. We will open the door to them that we may see what they have brought that is delectable. The basket is well loaded. There is veal, to be cut up into small bits and fried in crumbs, and then, through fire and fat, to be changed from simple *kalb* to *schmitzel*. There is fine - shaved cabbage, not brought in heads as by us; potatoes, lentil — like what the Israelites longed for, I presume — cucumbers, and what not; black-bread and a quart of luscious cherries are not wanting. They would have had good taste had they exchanged the cabbage and cucumbers for fresh figs and

apricots; but it would not have been German taste. The quickly-kindling coal is already aglow, and would we escape the redolence of *sauer-kraut* and onions we must fly the kitchen.

BRAVO, YOUNG LADY!—There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady. "A gentleman," says she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

THE PEN OF PEACE.—Paris is not yet taken, but the pen with which Count Bismarck is to sign the treaty of peace is already prepared. Herr Bismarck, of Pforzheim, has manufactured out of massive gold an imitation of an ordinary stout goosequill. The quill itself is polished, in order that it may be more conveniently handled, but the feather closely resembles a real quill, every fibre being represented, while the back of the count's coronet and Bismarck's monogram are engraved. Besides the engraver and maker, two goldsmiths were engaged on it for five weeks. The gold employed is of 18 carats, and that part in which the brilliants are set is of 21 carats.



WOMAN OF MONTENEGRO AND HER CHILD.—(From a Picture by M. Jaroslav Cernak.)

looking German-silver spoons, wooden ladles, a few shining brass dishes, some copper, many stoneware, and a grater of tinned iron make up the list. How all the manifold arts of the kitchen are carried on without a tin cup, pan, or basin is a puzzle to an English visitor. The variety of little pitchers and earthenware cups and porcelain dishes, though much heavier and inconvenient, take their place.

The China cupboard through its glass doors displays some handsome dishes, a startling array of beer-mugs and wine-glasses, and all the odds and ends of gift-cups and saucers that the what-not in the parlour would not hold, for there is no manner of doubt that there is enough crockery in the next room to furnish a moderate boarding-house, provided that the boarders took nothing but tea; and yet probably no lips never came in contact with any cup among them. They are simply ornaments, though questionably so to our minds.

What can this piano-shaped object be, so carefully spread with purple calico that hangs in curtains to the

Theatres and Amusements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—This (Saturday) Evening' Fidelio. Monday, Le Nozze di Figaro. Tuesday, Semiramide. Thursday, Faust. Night.
 DRURY-LANE.—Phobia's Fit.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Amy Robsart.—A Domestic Hercules. Seven.
 HAYMARKET.—An Alarming Sacrifice.—(Half-past Seven) The Rivals.—Uncle's Will.—My Husband's Ghost. Seven.
 ADELPHI.—The Green Bushes.—The Miller's Holiday. Seven.
 PRINCESS'S.—The Great City.—(Half-past Eight) Day. Seven.
 GAIETY.—The Happy Village.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Zampa.—(At Ten) Trombalcazar. Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—Aunt Charlotte's Maid.—(At a Quarter-past Eight) A Midsummer Night's Dream. Seven.
 OLYMPIC.—Poppleton's Predicaments.—Little Em'ly.—Paul and Virginia. Seven.
 ST. JAMES'S.—To Oblige Bensons.—(At Eight) Fernando.—Only a Half-penny. Seven.
 STRAND.—On and Off.—Living at Ease.—The Idle Prentice. Seven.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Queen's Stock.—(At Eight) M.P.—Looked in. Half-past Seven.
 GLOBE.—The Secret.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Marco Spada.—Taming the Shrew.—Board and Residence. Seven.
 HOLBORN.—The Married Bachelor.—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Odds.—Turn Him Out. Seven.
 NEW ROYALTY.—Wally and Half-past Nine) The Stranger, "Stranger than Ever"—The Rendezvous. Half-past Seven.
 VADEVILLE.—Chiselling.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Two Roses.—(At Ten) Don Carlos. Seven.
 OPERA COMIQUE.—French Plays. Eight.
 SADRER'S WELLS.—Is He Jealous?—(At a Quarter to Eight) Virginias.—Blue Devils. Seven.
 NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—The View of Wakefield.—Stella.—A Chapter of Accidents. Seven.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—Equestrian Performances, Gymnastic Exercises, Performing Elephant, &c. Seven. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday.
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
 ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Christy Minstrels. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.
 POLITECHNIQUE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and Ten Seven till Ten.
 MADAME TUSSEAU'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.



13. SUNDAY.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
14. Monday.—Sun rises 7.13 A.M.
15. Tuesday.—Sun sets 4.0 P.M.
16. Wednesday.—Last quarter moon, 8.59 A.M.
17. Thursday.—Mars near moon.
18. Friday.—Cardinal Pole died, 1558.
19. Saturday.—Man in Iron Mask died, 1703.

Our Letter Basket.

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PAPER PATTERNS AND DRESS MODELS.

To meet the wishes of numerous subscribers who make up their own materials, we have made arrangements by which we are now enabled to supply life-size paper models, fully trimmed, of any of the Fashion Illustrations that appear in this paper. For prices see recent numbers.

COUNTRY LASSIE.—You can make a trained tunic by using four straight widths of silk three-fourths of a yard wide, rounding off the lower corners of the outside breadths. Another plan is to make an ordinary trained skirt and loop on the side.

M. (CANTERBURY).—The egg-beater referred to was purchased at Norwood, so that it is now probably to be had throughout the trade. Should any difficulty be experienced, it could doubtless be obtained at Dean's, London-bridge, or any of the large London ironmongers and furnisheers.

C. U. (KENTISH-TOWN).—Not up to publication standard—defective here and there in measure.

AMATEUR THEATRICAL.—To your first question, only by improving your general education and associating with well-educated persons. To your second, read the article "For the Ugly Girls" in our last number. Burnt cork is usually employed in amateur theatricals for the purpose you mention.

MRS. ARTHUR B. (TOWNSEND).—We should think of any of the larger West-end shops. The samples we inspected were at the wholesale houses, and the material may not yet have reached provincial retail establishments.

GERTRUDE.—Don't alter the white turlatan dress, but wear a trained muslin skirt beneath. White organdy over-skirts are much worn with silk dresses. Another new silk would probably be more useful to you than any shawl, as shawls are not much worn now. Wear your hair in braids and puffs. Pretty striped or dotted and bordered prints in polonaise wrappers are worn for mornings. Pique dresses, with gay, warm sacques, are worn in the house all winter. Trim your black silk with velvet instead of satin.

MRS. ROBERT S.—Shawl suits have become so common that we would not advise you to cut up your handsome shawl in one.

MRS. WEST.—For each skirt get three widths of what is called yard-wide flannel, but which seldom measures more than seven-eighths. The widths are straight (not gored), a yard long, with a hem and two or three tucks, each an inch wide. Head the hem and tucks with feather stitching in silk floss. Braiding in flannel does not, in our judgment, wash well. A braiding pattern done in chain stitch with floss is pretty about a wide hem. Sometimes the hem and tucks are merely bound with white ribbon or a thin silk tape. Scallop, if used at all, are broad but not deep.

M. E.—For a winter party dress for a blonde of eighteen, get a white turlatan, a tulle, or else a pale blue silk with two

short skirts trimmed with white muslin ruffles. A black alpaca, a Biarritz cloth, or a navy blue serge for a suit.



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870.

TRULY this is an age, if not of shams, at least of shows, and we doubt whether they should not, in most cases, be regarded as convertible terms. We have recently had our baby shows, Dunmow shows—in which every vestige of the ancient romance of the spectacle was obliterated, and the whole rendered a mere scene of coarse vulgarity, if not disgraceful raldry—our fat-man shows, and our barmoid shows—than which we thought the exhibition of bad taste could scarcely go further, but now we find there is still a lower deep into which it is possible for us to be plunged. A married-woman show has been held, and that, too, under the least inviting auspices, as the details in our news columns prove. The idea of sticking up one's wife in competition to be coarsely stared at by all who please to pay the small admission fee is surely not so very many degrees removed from the barbarity of offering her for auction at Smithfield. Yet Mr. Anderson, the conjuror, has the credit of having introduced this most vulgar of all prize shows. In Liverpool he advertised the gift of a new dress to the handsomest married woman, the audience to compete. It is true that the audience were policemen and policeman's friends; yet policemen may be supposed to have their sense of delicacy as well as other folks. Either some such sense, or else the scarcity of

beauty among wives of the force, limited the number of candidates to thirteen. We are told they blushed very much, and we hope their shame and sense of humiliation was shared by their husbands. Of the thirteen, Policewoman 591 (the wives being designated by their husbands' number) was adjudged the prettiest woman. We hope, with a contemporary, that the gallant but sheepish officer will rest upon his martial laurels and not subject his wife to any more such displays. Let him remember that a policeman should be superior to the coarseness of Belgravian morals, which make a woman's beauty a marketable commodity.

It seems to have been the custom in England from time immemorial, if not a very gallant or edifying one, to use as the synonym of all that is garrulous, or stupid, or obstinate, the generic term of "old woman." To be twitted with acting like an "old woman" has been thought to be the most stinging rebuke that could be administered to any unfortunate delinquent of the *genus homo*. We are not going now to discuss the injustice of thus employing the words as a scathing term of reproach—they have probably acquired too firm a hold on our language to give way before mere argument; but certainly, if many more such cases as that which came before the Court of Queen's Bench on Saturday are made public, the words will become singularly inappropriate as a reproach for moral hesitancy or mental imbecility. The case to which we refer was that of Bartlett v. Bernard, in which the defendant proved herself to be an old lady of singular acuteness. Mrs. Bernard, it seems, was about seventy years of age, and had a life interest in property which on her marriage would go to her grandchildren. She had the misfortune to become bankrupt, and for the moment it appeared as though her property would fall into the hands of her creditors instead of those of her grandchildren. Mrs. Bernard, however, was not going to allow this waste of money; she therefore married a pauper of about her own age, so as to effect a forfeiture, and thus by the operation of law transfer the property to her grandchildren. The creditors maintained that the marriage was collusive and fraudulent. Baron Martin, however, held that the creditors were not entitled to recover; the Court of Queen's Bench took the same view as that learned judge, and the brave old bride was therefore thoroughly whitewashed by holy matrimony: the judges refused a rule, and Mrs. Bernard is free from all bonds but those of marriage. For physical and mental energy there are surely few of the opposite sex who would be found to compare with an old lady like Mrs. Bernard, who could outwit her creditors by marrying a pauper at a moment's notice!

"Merrie Islington," whatever it may have been in the days gone by, when piety and pie-shops marked it for their own, would appear in this glorious nineteenth century of civilisation to be anything but a desirable place to live in, at least for ladies. For some time

past, it seems, Sunday has been anything but a day of rest to the orderly dwellers in that district; swarms of young roughs have congregated in the thoroughfares and insulted every respectable person, especially if a woman, who might happen to pass by. The police have in vain attempted to put down the nuisance by arresting some of the prominent offenders. A "suitable admonition" or a nominal fine was considered by the worthy magistrates quite sufficient punishment for the ruffians who rolled elderly ladies into the gutter and otherwise made themselves agreeable. Indeed, sometimes the police got into trouble for interfering with these amusements of the lower classes; until at last the inhabitants of Islington, driven to desperation, determined to take the law into their own hands. They have, therefore, formed themselves into a vigilance committee, whose intention it is to administer summary justice in every case where the offenders are caught in the act of annoying street passengers. On Sunday evening about twenty members of the committee, armed with stout canes, sallied forth on their noble mission to Upper-street, Islington, and to the surprise of the roughs, each insult to any passer-by was avenged by a severe thrack with a cane. The police, it is stated, were delighted with this new state of things, and in about two hours the roughs, finding that they were no longer in the hands of worthy magistrates, but face to face with a determined body of men who would stand no nonsense, left the street in disgust. The news of this movement spread from one gang to another, and for the first time for many a Sunday people returning from their respective places of worship were able to reach their homes unmolested. Still, successful as the movement was on this occasion, we have serious doubts as to its propriety *en permanence*. Enraged Paterfamilias may not be always discreet in his blows, and there may be awkward incidents. Or next Sunday the roughs may come organised and armed with bludgeons, and then Islington will be simply the scene of a grand contest for supremacy between fustian and broadcloth. Besides, as a contemporary pertinently asks, if the police cannot protect us, why pay rates?

A very able memorandum on female infanticide in India, written in December, 1868, by Pundit Moti Lal, the Mir Moonshi of the Punjab Secretariat, has just been published by the Punjab Government. In April, 1867, the Punjab Government offered, through the Lahore Anjuman (or Literary Society), a reward of 500rs. for the best essay on the suppression of infanticide, which, as our readers are doubtless aware, is fearfully prevalent in India as regards female children. Amongst the essays sent in was one by Mardan Ally Khan, a former official of the Punjab, and on the merits of this essay the Mir Moonshi was requested to record his opinion. This he did, and he also wrote (in December 1868) a very elaborate paper, treating of the whole subject in connexion with the measures which it is, in his opinion, expedient for the British Government to adopt. Pundit Moti Lal commences his memorandum by combating a statement contained in Mardan Ally Khan's essay, that "wherever the crime is perpetrated it is dictated by the heartless cruelty of the men, and is not approved by the women." This he says is true to a certain extent only, and he expresses his belief that the latter are as much, if not more, parties to the deed than their sterner accomplices. The women exercise great influence in opposition to their male relatives, and he submits that the atrocious and abominable crime of female infanticide could not have existed for a day if the women had set their faces against it. The perpetration of the crime has been attributed to pride of race, and the heavy expenses attending the marriages of daughters. This, the Pundit thinks, is by no means correct. If pride of race had anything to do with the destruction of female children, there should never have been a time when female children were preserved in the families where they are now killed; but by all accounts the practice, wherever it originated, was adopted in consequence of such pride having been injured. Not all the proud Rajputs, nor all the Khattri tribes, nor even all the families composing any particular section of tribes, destroy their daughters. The people who practise the crime now do so because it was done by their forefathers, and for no other reason. With regard to the expenses attending the marriage of daughters, that, says the Pundit, is pleaded as an excuse for the destruction of female children only by those who practise it. After combating several minor suggestions, Pundit Moti Lal proceeds to discuss *seriatim* those which have been put forward as the most important remedial measures—viz.: 1. Prohibition of early marriages; 2. Improvement in the treatment of daughters-in-law on the part of mothers and fathers-in-law, and other relatives of the wife's husband; 3. Remarriage of widows; 4. Prohibition of polygamy; 5. Female education. With regard to the prohibition of early marriages, he thinks the Government very properly declines to interfere in a matter of this kind in opposition to the wishes and prejudices of its subjects, more especially because early marriages are enjoined by the religion of the people. The ill-treatment received by a daughter-in-law at the

hands of the mother-in-law he dismisses as unworthy of much consideration. It exists more in imagination than in reality, and is certainly not a sufficient incentive to female infanticide. The most important measure suggested is the re-marriage of widows, but in this case he is of opinion the remedy would be regarded as worse than the disease. Regarding the influence of female education on the crime of female infanticide, he believes that no education is required to convince a mother of the enormity of the sin of taking the life of her own daughter. "If it be said that education is needed not to reveal to her the enormity of the crime, but to impress upon her the meretricious nature of the motives which are paraded before her eyes as prompters of the deed, I reply that we cannot wait for the time when female education shall bear such fruit." The Pundit objects strongly to the suggestion that female children, born in suspected families, should be presented with a medal by the Government, with a bust of the Queen impressed thereon, and regarded *par excellence* as daughters of Her Majesty. It is doubtful whether such a measure would lead to the preservation of the lives of the girls, and the Government would be expected by the parents to pay the expenses of their marriages, if not, indeed, to provide for their maintenance. His remedy is simple. It consists, in the main, in the Government not only speaking of infanticide as a crime, but promptly and severely, irrespective of their position, punishing all offenders. No hesitating, half-hearted policy will ever do. The law must be made plain, and its evasion rendered impossible, and he points out clearly how such provisions may be carried out.

Edinburgh, it seems, recognises the right of women to study medicine in her university, but declines to afford them the means by which that study may be pursued. A majority of the Senatus Academicus decided that women were entitled to enrol themselves as medical students, while a majority of the General Council desire that they shall not be admitted to the lectures. Separate courses for male and female students demand from the professors more time than they can afford; the experiment was tried last session, but with the twofold result of giving the lecturer a great deal of unremunerated trouble and of placing him in the predicament of having to withhold from a successful female competitor the scholarship she had undoubtedly won, but which the statutes of the university forbade him to bestow on any but students of the "regular," that is the male, class. On Friday se'night the question of admitting women to the same class and the same privileges as men came before the General Council, and led to a warm discussion. Professors Turner and Lister, the lecturers on anatomy and surgery respectively, opposed such an innovation, on the ground that their courses included details which were unfit for maiden ears or eyes; and that at Vienna and Zurich, where the experiment had been tried, the fears of its opponents had been more than realised. Dr. Hughes Bennett, the professor of the Institutes of Medicine, on the other hand, maintained that the objections of his colleagues were quite irrelevant. Female students had turned out the nearest dissectors that could be imagined; as surgical operators they had a delicacy and firmness of touch which, by avoiding the finer nerves and arteries, would save certain patients much of the pain they endured under coarser male hands. Dr. Christison adroitly turned the flank of Dr. Bennett and his party, by contradicting the statement that the "highest lady in the realm" was in favour of women entering on the practice of medicine—a statement which was precisely the reverse of true, since the Queen had commanded him to make known that the project had Her Majesty's express disapproval. Thereupon the proposal to admit ladies to the same classes and privileges with men was rejected by a majority of one, and Minerva Medica must henceforth pursue her studies elsewhere than in the Academe of Modern Athens.

New Music.

SONGS, &c.

1. "Preserve Thou my Soul." 2. "Comfort the Soul of Thy Servant." 3. "O Turn Thee, then, unto Me." Three Sacred Songs. Words selected from the 86th Psalm. Music by ALEXANDER ROWLAND. (Chappell and Co.)
 - "The Blind Girl's Dream." Words and Music by LUISA GRAY. (Chappell.)
 - "Lady Clare." Words by EDWARD LEGGE. Music by WALTER MAYNARD. (Chappell.)
- PRESERVE THOU MY SOUL, &c.—These three sacred songs, designed for home singing, are so decidedly above the average of such compositions generally, that they should render Mr. Rowland's name familiar in many a household. No. 1 is, perhaps, the most pleasing, the chief air in A flat, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, following a short but spirited introduction adagio, in F minor, being as beautiful as it is simple; while No. 3 is a more elaborate and commanding composition, and should prove very successful. It opens in G minor, changes into B flat in the second movement, and though unpretentious in its cast, is in every way admirable. No. 2, in E natural, though it is the poorest of the three, is not unworthy of the series.

BLIND GIRL'S DREAM.—Miss Gray chooses apathetic

theme for treatment, and, happily, in working it out avoids the too common mawkishness that sometimes has to do duty for pathos. By a few tender, sympathetic touches, she contrasts the blind girl's happy dream and sad reality, and both words and music blend simply and naturally. It should become popular in the drawing-room, and none the less for its unpretentiousness. Key G, compass C to F.

LADY CLARE.—This song was, it seems, composed expressly for Signor Mario, who is now making his farewell tour, and doubtless his admirable singing, apart from its intrinsic merits, will render it known. It is a sprightly little thing, but scarcely, we think, all Mr. Maynard might have made it. Compass, E flat to F.

"God is Love." Sacred Song. Words and Music by SUCHET CHAMFON. (Duff and Stewart.)

"The Murmuring Stream." English Version of Goethe's words by H. W. DULCKEN. Music by CHAS. J. HARGITT. (Duff and Stewart.)

"Diamond Eyes." Words by L. H. F. DU TERREAUX. Music by R. D'OVILEY CARTE. (Duff and Stewart.)

"Tripping Thro' the Meadows." Words and Music by MICHAEL WATSON. (Duff and Stewart.)

GOD IS LOVE.—Why this should be called a sacred song, or indeed a song at all, it were perhaps rather difficult to explain. The words are intended to be dramatic; they barely escape the ridiculous. The music, if of a slightly higher order, is not sufficiently removed to be unworthy of them.

THE MURMURING STREAM.—The charming words of the great German poet are doubtless familiar to many of our readers, and Mr. Dulcken renders them not inaptly into English. The music is suitable and characteristic, if not of any striking originality. The edition before us is in B flat, but the song may also be obtained in D, with a less simplified accompaniment.

DIAMOND EYES surely deserved something a little more sparkling in their honour than this music. It might have been worse, however, and even that is not to be overlooked as things go.

TRIPPING THRO' THE MEADOWS.—Simply charming, and charmingly simple. What higher praise need we give to commend it to young ladies, whether in the habit of tripping through the meadows or round the drawing-room?

"Dreadfully Drift the Shadows." Words and Music by CLARIBEL. (Boosey and Co.)

"Friendship and Love." Words and Music by CLARIBEL. (Boosey.)

"Rothsay Bay." Words by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Music by COMYN VAUGHAN. (Boosey.)

"I Gave my Love a Little Rose." Words by G. J. CHESTER. Music by COMYN VAUGHAN. (Boosey.)

"Sweet Birdie Mine." Words and Music by ALFRED B. ALLEN. (Boosey.)

DREADFULLY DRIFT THE SHADOWS.—This is a true Claribel ballad, exhibiting all the late composer's happy knack of producing a pleasing effect with perhaps fewer notes and less apparent labour than any other modern composer. Of course such very facility has its danger, being too often fatal to any breadth of treatment, and while it kept Claribel's name prominently before the public while she was living, it will scarcely have helped her to retain a firm hold on popular favour. That she possessed no inconsiderable musical gifts, we think the most severe critics of her failings as an artist must admit, and this piece exhibits side by side both the graces and the blemishes of her style. Still, her thousands of admirers will only too willingly overlook the latter for the sake of the former, and will find in this tuneful air and tender words much that will make them the more deeply regret the lamented lady's comparatively sudden death.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.—This is scarcely so much to our liking as that last noticed, but it will win its admirers and even deserve them.

ROTHESAY BAY.—As a whole this must be pronounced a pretty, winsome song. It has perhaps a slight tendency to monotony, and exhibits in at least one chord a rather awkward blemish. Still it is a song of much freshness, and merits no small share of success.

I GAVE MY LOVE, &c.—A simple song, easy to play and sing, and what it wants in vigour makes up for in sentiment. Compass C below the lines to F.

SWEET BIRDIE MINE.—This is an eminently disappointing song. There is enough in it to show that the author is capable of better things, but it is marked throughout by such crudities that we fear Mr. Allen is unwisely anxious to anticipate the day when, by careful study and practice, he may win for himself a name and a place amongst our popular minor composers.

"The Pet Dove." Opera Comique, in Two Acts. Written by H. B. FARNIE. Composed by CH. GOUNOD. (Metzler.)

THIS is the English version of M. Gounod's comic opera, which was performed a short time ago, and the first in England, at the Crystal Palace, where it met with a very fair share of success. The story upon which the action is based is one that is both improbably simple and simply improbable; but there is a vein of poetry running beneath the strata of unlikely treatment that creates an interest in the tale in spite of its doubtful probability. There are fourteen pieces in the opera, besides an introduction, and throughout M. Gounod's peculiar skill in instrumentation and happy fancy are well displayed; there is indeed scarcely a single number that is not possessed of an individual beauty or character that should secure it a favourable reception either in connection with or apart from the main work. The ballad, "Pretty Pet Dove," will please for its originality and melody; and the quaint song, "The women, the women!" will not fail to find admirers as well of the sentiment as of the treatment. The grand air, "If time hath lightly o'er me passed," with its reminiscences of the Jewel Song in *Faust*, is finely arranged and well set for the voice. The concerted music is charming, and the whole opera is one of those gems which is none the less pleasing because it can be appre-

ciated by the lover of skilful design better than by the lover of mere melody put together without much labour of mind. Messrs. Metzler deserve the best thanks of the musical public for the cheap and tasteful form in which they have issued it.

INSTRUMENTAL.

"Classical Treasures.—No. 1. Kyrie (from Haydn's First Mass). No. 2 Laudate Dominum (Mozart)." Transcribed for the Pianoforte by J. THEODORE TREKELL. (Duff and Stewart.)

MR. TREKELL has done his work well, and the result is two pieces that may be safely recommended to amateurs, alike for the school and home practice. They are both simple, yet are capable, if well played, of producing a very good effect.

"Corisande Waltz." By CARILLI. Illustrated. (Boosey and Co.)—A very pleasant and danceable waltz, founded on one of Mr. Molloy's most popular songs. We commend it to our readers.

MUSICAL, LITERARY, & ART JOTTINGS.

THE two concluding volumes of Mr. W. H. Dixon's History of the Tower may be looked for in a few months.

A new twopenny edition for children has been brought out in Holland of the never-dying "Robinson Crusoe."

M. Ivan Tourguénief, the great Russian novelist, comes to England in a few days for a six weeks' stay.

The death is announced of Captain Chamer, the author of "Tom Bowline" and other novels, which were very popular thirty years ago.

The last published composition of the late Mr. Balfe is understood to have been a song "Phoebe the Fair," composed purposely for Miss Edith Wynne.

The three sisters of the late L. M. Gottschalk gave two concerts recently in New York. Two of the ladies are pianists; while the third one possesses a soprano voice of excellent quality.

Miss Nilsson is a great favourite in America. She gave three concerts in Philadelphia, and the seats were all taken before the doors were opened. 6,118 dollars (about 1,225*l.*) was received for the last night.

The *Musical Times* announces that Mr. Benedict's oratorio *St. Peter* will be performed in London on the 13th December, the composer having "effected several important alterations and improvements."

Mr. Andrew Halliday hopes to follow up the success of *Little Emly* with a dramatisation called *Little Nell*, adapted from Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop." A play with the same title, written by John Brougham, has already been produced in America.

An exhibition, for the benefit of the distressed peasantry of France, will be formed in December next, at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, and will probably contain pictures by MM. Gérôme, Elmore, Calderon, Danbyng, Boyce, Heilbath, Yvon, Schreyer, and others.

Mdme. Parepa Rosa, Miss Kellogg, Mdle. Nilsson, Mdme. Adeline Patti, and Mdle. Mehlig were elected life members of the National Musical Congress at New York at its recent session, the ladies' subscriptions being paid in by Mr. Stephenson.

Weber's opera of *Oberon*, written originally to English words for Covent-garden Theatre, and produced in 1826, was performed at Covent-garden last Saturday night for the first time according to the Italian version; Signor Fancelli taking the character of Sir Huon; Signor Bettini that of Oberon; Signor Tagliafico, Babekan; Signor Cotogni, Scherassmin; Mdle. Scalchi was Puck; Mdle. Baumeister, the Mermaid; Madame Trebelli-Brettini, Fatma; and Mdle. Titiens, Rezia, so that in the selection of artists there was little ground for dissatisfaction.

Drury-lane pantomime this year is being contributed by Mr. Nelson Lee, and is on the subject of the *Sleeping Beauty*. Besides the songs, and is so arduous as to require collaboration; Messrs. Gilbert & Beckett and Charles Ross supply it. The Adelphi and Princess's rely for extravaganza on Mr. Farnie. At the Gaiety Mr. Alfred Thompson's opera bouffe with Hervé's music will be the attraction; and for the same theatre Mr. W. S. Gilbert is dramatising *Great Expectations* with the Joe Gargery of Mr. Toole. Miss Elise Holt goes to the Adelphi. The extravaganza for St. James's comes from the pen of Mr. Charles Millward.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the studio and residence of Mdle. Rosa Bonheur, at the picturesque town of Fontainebleau, to the south of Paris, is to be spared and respected by the Germans by a special order of the Crown Prince of Prussia; and also that orders have been given by the King of Prussia at Headquarters to the same effect in the favour of the studio and abode of the artist M. Edouard Frère at Ecouen. M. Blanchard, the well-known engraver of very many of the best French pictures, and whose name is well known in England by his engravings of "The Derby Day," "The Marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal with the Crown Prince of Prussia," &c., we are sorry, to hear is shut up in Paris; and it is hoped, even if Paris should be subjected to a final assault and capture, a similar courtesy will be extended to him.

In the year 1865, Prince Nicholas Galitzin published, in the *Russky Arkhiv*, a "Dictionary of Russian Authorities;" he is now preparing to issue an enlarged edition, brought up to last year, and, accordingly, he has just addressed an appeal to ladies who write in Russia, begging them to send him a full account of themselves and of their works. He began, it appears, by publishing in the *Moleva*, in 1857, "A List of Russian Authorities," which does not seem to have contained any great number of names. But the first edition of his dictionary contained 400; and so many ladies have taken to authorship within the last five years that he already has no less than 800 names ready to go into the second edition. Well may he say, "Female authorship has, during the last few years, assumed such dimensions in Russia as it has never known before, at any time or in any place."

The American papers announce the death of Mrs. Peterson, whose loss will be regretted on both sides of the Atlantic. Born in 1811, Hannah M. Bouvier was the daughter of John Bouvier, recorder of Philadelphia, and Judge of the Court of General Sessions. She married Robert Peterson, then a member of the bar, but subsequently a partner in the great publishing firm of Childs and Peterson; the head of that house, Mr. George W. Childs, becoming the husband of his partner's daughter. Mrs. Peterson was at once a practical teacher of domestic economy, and an able writer of highly cultivated education and scientific taste; facilities evinced in two of her works—a book of recipes for the use of the house-keeper and an excellent treatise on "Familiar Astronomy."

dresses of two colours, mentioned lately by our Parisian correspondent. The first of these is that pale, green-tinted grey known as guano grey. It has a demi-trained skirt with a large three-cornered opening in the bottom of each width, disclosing a treble box-pleated flounce of bright amethyst-coloured silk. Narrow milliners' folds of the silk trim the flounce and follow the triangular opening. The waist has a high-necked amethyst vest, square below, the body in the Louis Fourteenth style, and trimmed up the entire front with horizontal folds like those on the skirt. Over this is a postillion basque, high in the neck behind, pointed and low in front, and crossing over on the amethyst vest. A frill of duchess lace surrounds the neck, and finishes the sabot sleeves. Another dress of the same colours has a short skirt of amethyst silk and a trained overskirt, made precisely like an ordinary trained skirt, and looped high on the hips to show the flounced skirt beneath. This affords another hint to ladies fond of variety, as they can in this way wear together any two dresses of prettily contrasting colours. A black gros grain basque and trained overskirt, French, to be worn over a plain velvet skirt, or with coloured silk skirts, is the richest novelty we have seen, by reason of its trimming; this is embroidery, in an open lace pattern, and handsomely wrought vines about five inches deep. The basque is pointed in front, with a single long tail in the back, like a gentleman's dress-coat. The coat-sleeves have an embroidered cuff

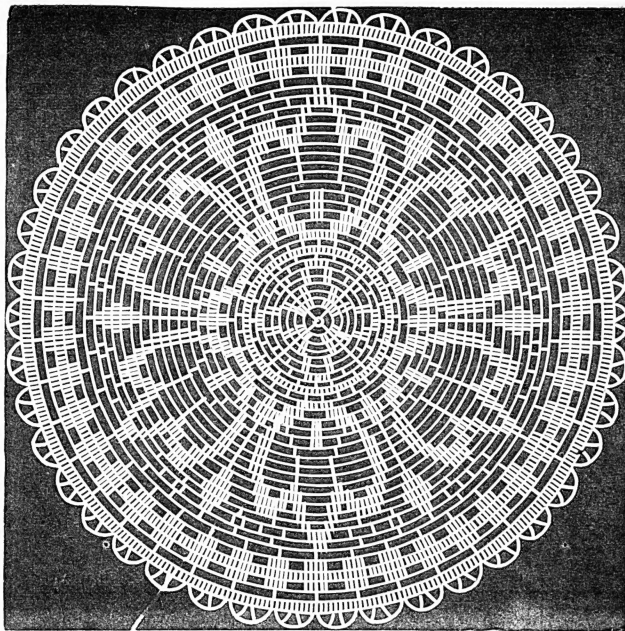


Fig. 1.—TOILET MAT IN CROCHET.

with a corresponding pendant three-cornered piece. Duchess lace fills the pointed neck, and falls over the wrist. The skirt has a short apron front, side gores, and four straight breadths that form a demi-train. These are embroidered and beautifully draped. Other grey dresses, a colour that seems especially in favour, are trimmed with white lace under black lace, headed with bands of ostrich feathers.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS.

Figs. 1 to 9.—NEWEST FASHIONS IN COLLARS, &c.—The square and heart-shaped fronts to ladies' dresses have become so fashionable that a selection of stylish collars, chemisettes, &c., more especially suitable for use with indoor and evening dresses, will be serviceable at this season. They are easy to make, yet look very dressy. Swiss muslin, Valenciennes lace, and insertion are principally required, and they are finished by a bow of velvet to match the dress with which they are to be worn.

Figs. 10 to 12.—SQUARES AND BORDER IN BERLIN WOOL.—These Berlin wool illustrations will commend themselves as suitable for a variety of useful purposes. Figs. 10 and 12 are well adapted for slippers, cushions, &c. Fig. 11 would serve for any article that requires a border.

Work-Table.

FIG. 1.—TOILET MAT IN CROCHET.
—In our number for October 29, we

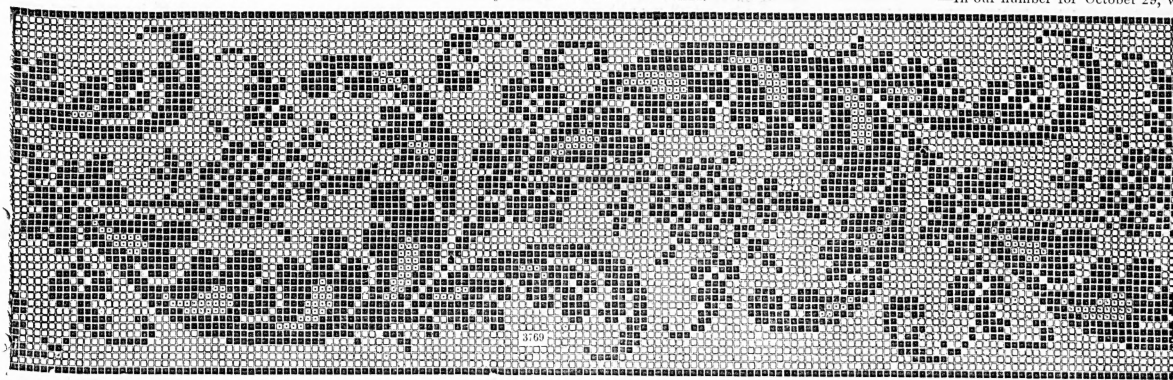


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR CURTAINS.

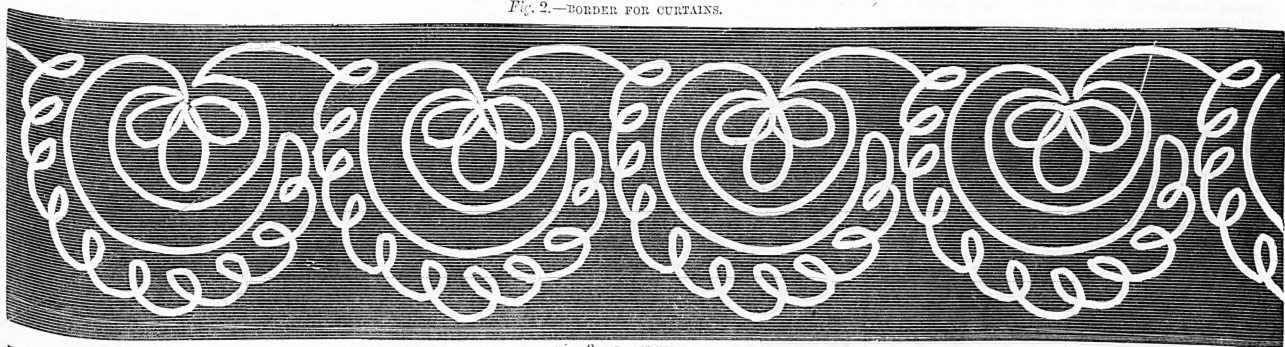


Fig. 3.—BRAIDING.

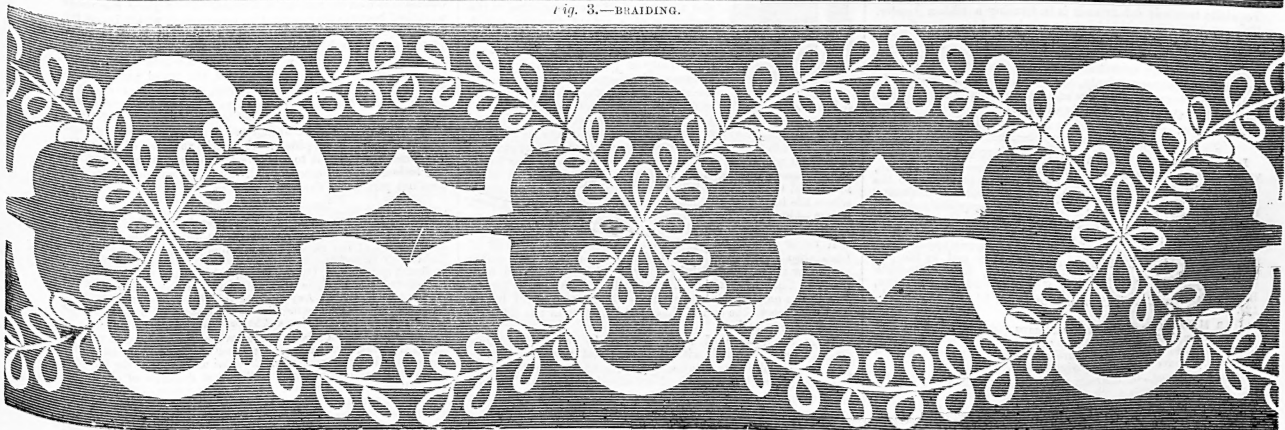


Fig. 4.—BRAIDING FOR PETTICOAT OR CHILD'S DRESS.

Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Marchioness of Ely, drove out at Balmoral on Monday last week. The Marquis of Huntly came over from Abeyne Castle, and had the honour of an interview with Her Majesty. The old Highland custom of All Halloween was kept, as on previous years, in the evening, by forming a procession with lighted torches; after which a bonfire was burnt and reels were danced in front of the Castle. Professor Lister, Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen, left Balmoral. The Right Hon. E. Cardwell had the honour of dining with Her Majesty.

On the Tuesday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, and attended by the Marchioness of Ely, drove to the Linn of Dee.

On the Wednesday the Queen walked out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon Her Majesty drove out, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Florence Seymour, and the Hon. Emily Cathcart. The Right Hon. E. Cardwell and the Rev. Dr. Taylor had the honour of dining with the Queen.

On the Thursday the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Marchioness of Ely. Prince Leopold went out driving. The Right Hon. E. Cardwell had the honour of dining with Her Majesty.

The Queen walked out on Friday morning, attended by the Marchioness of Ely; and in the afternoon Her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Hon. Emily Cathcart and the Right Hon. E. Cardwell left the Castle. The Duchess of Roxburghe arrived.

On Saturday the Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe, drove out, as did also Prince Leopold.

On Sunday the Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe and Viscount Bridport, were present at Divine Service at the parish church at Crathie. The Rev. Dr. Taylor officiated.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, drove out on Thursday afternoon, last week, and again on the Friday.

On Saturday morning the Prince of Wales, attended by Major Grey, returned to town from visiting Lord and Lady Londesborough at Scarborough. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey.

On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Prince of Wales, with Count Gleichen, and attended by Major Grey, went out shooting at Windsor. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey.

Owing to the accident sustained by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, which necessitates a long repose, the return of Her Majesty the Queen from the North has now been postponed till the 15th instant.

Prince and Princess Christian attended on Tuesday morning the reopening of Windsor parish church, which has been closed for several months, and has been reconstructed in a most handsome manner at an expense of 5,000l.

Prince Christian on receiving on Monday the insignia of office as High Steward of Windsor was presented with the freedom of the borough.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Duchess of Inverness entertained her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and a select party at dinner on Thursday evening last week at Kensington Palace.

The Duchess Eleanor of Northumberland has left town for Rome, where she proposes to pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Schuster and family have left Rochester for their marine residence, 2, Adelaide-crescent, Brighton, for the winter.

At the Rolls Chambers on Monday, in the case of Bubb v. Yelverton, which was an administration suit as to the estate of the late Marquis of Hastings, an application was made on the part of the Marchioness of Hastings for the delivery of her jewels, which had been deposited as security, the holder having been paid. The settlement on the marriage was produced, and the property was shown to be absolute in her ladyship, and an order was made for the delivery of the jewels to her ladyship.

On Tuesday night the Mayor of Southampton gave a fancy-dress ball in honour of the engagement of her Royal Highness the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne.

We are sorry to announce that the Duchess de Montpensier is at present seriously ill.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by Colonel Hon. James Macdonald, left town on Monday evening to visit Lord and Lady Londesborough at their seat in Yorkshire.

His Excellency the American Minister and Mrs. and Miss Motley are staying with Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, M.P., and Mrs. Sheridan, at Frampton, Dorsetshire.

The Countess of Mayo has left town to go by way of Brindisi to India, to join the Viceroy of India at Calcutta.

The Marquis of Lorne presided a few nights ago at the annual dinner of the Glasgow and Argyleshire Society. The health of the Princess Louise was drunk with Highland honours. The Marquis, in responding, said: "I am sure the Princess will hear with much gratification of the extremely cordial manner in which her name has been received this evening by so large a number of gentlemen connected with Argyleshire." His lordship in a subsequent speech expressed a hope that he might long have the honour of representing the county of Argyle, and thought it was not a county which one would desire to desert in any case. The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod said if he had been the Marquis of Lorne instead of the minister of the Bazaar he should have decidedly proposed to her royal highness, and remarked that the Princess would get a good husband, as the Marquis of Lorne would get a good wife.

FOREIGN COURTS.

The King of Italy has presented to the Emperor of Austria, through the Italian Ambassador at Vienna, a magnificent hunting chest, mounted in silver, and containing a number of articles used for the chase, all made of the horns of animals which had been killed by the King.

The Empress Eugenie returned to Chiselhurst on Friday morning. She came up to town from Dover by the night express train, which arrives at Charingcross Station at about four o'clock. Her Majesty remained indoors the whole of Friday and the most of Saturday. On Sunday, with her son and some members of her household, she attended eleven o'clock, or what is more generally called last mass, at the little Roman Catholic Church at Chiselhurst. When the Imperial party entered the church the whole congregation stood up, and the Empress Eugenie and her son walked up the centre to their seats, bowing their acknowledgments of the mark of respect that had been shown them. The little church was crowded in every part. At the close of the service the same mark of respect was paid, and on her way home she was again cordially greeted by many persons who had assembled. The Empress Eugenie and Prince Imperial looked in excellent health.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF BRAZIL.—The Princess Imperial and Count d'Eu, prevented as yet by the state of the Continent from paying their proposed visit to Germany and going to Italy for the winter, remain for the present with the Duc de Nemours at Twickenham, and were a few days ago received at breakfast en famille by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. The visits of his daughters to Europe is almost certain, he followed by a visit of the Emperor to Europe in the course of next year, should public affairs in Brazil and the state of the Continent permit his Majesty to indulge his natural wish to see Europe for the first time.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

On the last instant was celebrated, at Lissalid Church, the marriage of Miss Stella Gore Booth, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Gore Booth, Bart., with Mr. Owen Wynne, of Hazlewood, Sligo. The bride was given away by her father, Sir R. Gore Booth, and the best man was Captain Maxwell Lyte. The Ven. and Rev. Archdeacon Gook, uncle of the bride, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Chaplain Worlesley. The bridesmaids comprised Lady Edith Wyndham Quin, Lady Emily Wyndham Quin, Lady Mary Butler, Miss Wynne, Miss Grace Wynne, Miss Stopford Sackville, and Miss Caroline Wynne, niece of the bridegroom. The bride's dress was of white satin and rich Brussels lace, looped up with bouquets of orange blossom, heather, and myrtle. Her wreath consisted of orange flowers, over which was thrown a veil of Brussels lace. The ornaments she wore were of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids' dresses were of white tulle, the skirts looped up with rose-coloured bows and sashes; square bodices trimmed to match; headresses, long tube veils with wreaths of rose-coloured geraniums, heather, and variegated leaves. After breakfast the newly-married couple left for Ravensdale, the seat of Lord Clermont (uncle of the bridegroom). The wedding presents were most numerous and costly.

On the 22nd ult. at the British Consulate at Geneva, a marriage was solemnised between Mr. William Abbott and her Serene Highness the Princess de Loos Corswarem, daughter of the Prince de Godoy Bassano, granddaught of his Serene Highness the Prince de la Paix. The nuptial benediction was conferred by M^{gr} de Sion, Bishop of Geneva. The Princess de Godoy Bassano, the Prince de Godoy, and his Excellency Senor Contina, the Spanish Minister, were present at the ceremony.

The marriage between Miss Larking and Mr. Bramly, Royal Horse Artillery, is fixed to take place on the 21st of this month.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Edward Fletcher, Esq., Lieutenant R.N., second son of the late Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart., of Ashley-park, Surrey, and Miss Coore, eldest daughter of Henry Coore, Esq., of Scruton Hall, Yorkshire.

It is believed in well-informed circles that a marriage will shortly take place between the young and beautiful Princess Marguerite d'Orleans and the head of one of the oldest and noblest houses in England—both the contracting parties being Roman Catholics.

A marriage is arranged between the Hon. Ashley Glyn, son of Lord Wolseley, and Miss Duncombe, daughter of Admiral the Hon. Arthur Duncombe.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Don Lorenzo Moratinas Saiz, Viscount of Villandraud, of Valencia, Spain, was administered to in London on the 22nd ult., under 12,000l. personality in England, by the lawful attorney of the executors, Don Servando de Zulueta Puga, to whom he leaves 20,000 reals, and Don Juan Mondoro, his cousin, whom he appoints his heir trustee, and leaves him an annuity of 1,200 reals. He directs that his body shall be conveyed in his Calatrabo mantle, and placed in his chapel of San Francisco, of Villado; if not at once, then after five years; that 500 masses be said for his soul, and gifts made to the clergy and poor present at his funeral. He directs that gifts also be made to the nuns and sisterhood of several institutions, and that three ruby crosses, with 4,000 reals, be given to the nuns of Calatraba, Order of Burgos, from which he took his badge of knighthood.

The wills of the undermentioned were recently proved: Mr. John Ennis Vivian, of Truro, Cornwall, under 70,000l. personality; Mr. James Augustus Elmslie, 80,000l.; Mr. John Martin, 70,000l.; Mr. George Stokes, 45,000l.; Mr. George Edward Thompson, 20,000l.; and Mr. Percival Wright (at Lloyd's), 20,000l.

Messrs. Duff and Stewart, of 147, Oxford-street, have just published a charming cantata, "La Penna," composed by Prince Poniatowski, the author of *Don Desiderio*, *Pierre de Medici*, *La Confession*, *L'Acrobate*, &c., operas all known and applauded on the Continent. This little melody is full of charm, and seems to us destined to become very popular.

However, every one knows that Prince Poniatowski is a very distinguished musician. He presented himself at the last examination at the Paris Lyceum, and the section of music placed him second after Edouard David, who was elected.

The fall of the Empire has placed him in such a position that he is forced to turn his talent to account, and he has come to England, where he was so well received as foreign ambassador in other times, to offer the aid of his talent to those who may wish to avail themselves of it. He is quite prepared to give lessons to those who may request him to do so, and he has preferred his not considered derogatory in so doing. He has preferred to reside in modest lodgings, at 19, Manchester-street, than to accept the hospitality which has been offered to him in a palace at Florence, by some relatives, preferring to live by his talent than to be at the charge of his family.

"After suffering many years from an indigestion and biliousness, for which I could find no remedy, I was at length induced to try your Vegetable Pain Killer, and the first bottle gave me entire relief.—J. L. HATLOCK, Manchester, July, 1867.—To Perry Davis and Son, London, W.C."

WOMAN'S PROGRESS,

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

(We shall be glad to receive from Correspondents, particularly from our numerous friends abroad, information of all kinds bearing upon the intellectual, social, and material progress of Woman.—Ed. L. O. P.)

MANCHESTER NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—The annual meeting of this Society will be held in the Mayor's Parlour, Townhall, Manchester, on Wednesday, Nov. 23, at three o'clock p.m. Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P., Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, W. R. Callender, Jun., Esq., J. P. R. M. Fankhurst, Esq., LL.D., Peter Rylands, Esq., M.P., Rev. S. A. Steinthal, James Stuart, Esq., M.A., and other ladies and gentlemen, are expected to take part in the proceedings. The attendance of members and friends is invited.

It is proposed to hold a bazaar and exhibition at Manchester in October, 1871, for the purpose of raising funds towards keeping up the agitation on behalf of woman's suffrage. The expenses of the agitation for the Women's Disabilities Bill during the coming session will, it is urged by the promoters, necessarily be great, and, unless it pass into law or not, a large expenditure of funds by the National Suffrage Society will be requisite. To meet this demand, the Executive Committee have decided on holding a bazaar, and earnestly request the aid of their friends in all parts of the country and all parts of the world to render the undertaking successful. The following ladies and gentlemen have already become patrons: Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart., M.P.; Lady Bazley; Jacob Bright, Esq., M.P.; Mrs. Jacob Bright; Alfred Illingworth, Esq., M.P.; The Hon. Mrs. Thomas Liddell; E. Miall, Esq., M.P.; Peter Rylands, Esq., M.P.; Mrs. Rylands, and others.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—A correspondent of the *Christian World* writes: "The first appearance of the Marquis of Lorne, as a candidate for Parliament, was made on February 8, 1865, in the pleasant little town of Dunoon, and though he modestly remembered he was a very young man, being then only turned twenty-two, and seemed to avoid the saying of smart things, it was apparent that he took an independent view of most questions, and was able to give pithy expression to his opinions. He announced that he would vote in favour of giving the franchise to women." The sympathies of the *Free Press* and *Lancet* are understood to be warmly enlisted in the cause of the elevation of the condition of her sex. "It is possible, writes Miss Becker, 'that the liberal sentiments of the Marquis of Lorne may have commended him to the favour of this amiable and accomplished princess, and helped to win for him the honour and happiness on which the whole country is just now congratulating him.'"

Mr. W. G. Clark, late public reader, takes the English Literature class this term in the Lecturer for Ladies at Cambridge, and is to give six lectures on Shakespeare.

There are now sixteen ladies studying in the Medical Faculty of the University of Michigan, twelve in the Arts Faculty, and one as a law student. The University was opened to women less than a year ago, so that prompt advantage has been taken of the facilities offered. One of the ladies studying medicine there writes: "We are very much pleased with the way in which we have been received here, both by professors and students. They have treated us in every way with great courtesy. We continually, of course, meet students in the college grounds, besides studying with them in the classes, and they do not even stare at us. . . . We have lectures in the morning from nine to twelve; then soon after one we go to the laboratory and work till four, then a lecture till five, and study in the evening. We enjoy the laboratory work very much. Our first course is the qualitative analysis of a hundred compounds. We have to write out the processes and the reactions, and, I believe, at the end to be examined before we pass on to the other courses."

Miss Garrett's candidature for a seat at the London School Board is said to be making satisfactory progress, and a guarantee fund to defray the expenses of the election is being raised.

Mrs. William Grey, 18, Cadogan-place, one of the candidates for Chelsea, has published the following reasons why ladies should be elected to the School Board: "Because there are as many girls as boys to be educated; because education is, and always has been, a female duty and prerogative; because women, better than men, can enter into the feelings and sympathies of the poor; because education properly commences at home, and women can best advise and prescribe the regulation of home duties; because ladies on the School Board would be less likely to be influenced by party motives or political views; because the Legislature has expressly conferred a vote on women for the election of members of the School Board." On these grounds the electors are invited to vote for Mrs. William Grey.

The Committee of Council on Education have issued the regulations to be observed in the elections of school boards in London and in the provincial boroughs. In the City and in the large towns the Education Act does not allow of a ballot at all. In municipalities the voting is to be that which is employed in the election of common councilmen; and in the same way, the Metropolitan election is fixed for the 29th of November, and the election in boroughs will take place within twenty-eight days after requisition to the mayor, who is to be returning officer.

CAN A FARMER DRIVE HIS WIFE TO MARKET.—At the Staffordshire Sessions the Inland Revenue authorities presented an appeal against the dismissal of an information under 32 and 33 Vic., cap 14, against a farmer who had taken his father-in-law and wife in a cart to market. It was contended that the conveyance of these persons for shopping was not use of the cart solely for the purposes of the respondent's trade, as stipulated in the exemption of the 4th of 15s. The Excise authorities intimating that any declaration of the law was sought, the minimum penalty of 5l. was imposed without costs.

Mr. James Barrett, Chemist, Birmingham, writes, June 3rd, 1869: "Your Pain Killer is gaining many friends in this section. Among the many cures effected by it which I have come under my notice, I may mention the case of a lady who, after suffering long with neuralgia, and trying many reputed remedies without benefit, was at length cured, and that almost instantly, with the first application of your Pain Killer.—To Perry Davis & Son, London, W.C."

LADIES AND THE WAR.

THE harvest in Germany this year has been gathered largely by German women, assisted by men too old or too young to join the army.

In the last fortnight six villages near Orleans, whose inhabitants made common cause with France-tireurs, were burnt.

General Garibaldi occupies a room in a farmhouse at the end of the village of Dole. The General is in much better health than when he first arrived; the country air and the certitude of accomplishing a great and good action has given him new vigour, and he may now be considered in a position to support the fatigue of a long campaign. It is emphatically stated that the French Government is not doing all that it can to help the General to drive the enemy from this part of the country.

The Polish Count Hauke, now fighting under the orders of Garibaldi, is brother-in-law to Prince Alexander of Hesse, the commander-in-chief of the 8th Army Corps of 1866. The Princess Alexander is a sister of the Empress of Russia.

The *Liberté* states that there are daily conflicts at the markets of Paris. The women literally fight for the articles offered for sale, although there is an ample supply for all. The journal suggests that the same regulations should be adopted as at the municipal depôts of provisions—to issue numbered tickets to applicants, who should form a queue, under the direction of a detachment of the National Guard.

The most useful class of women in Paris, as well as the most devoted, after the sisters of charity, are the actresses. One of the latter, Madeleine Brohan, acquired such an influence over a veteran officer of the line, a rough old war dog, who fell to her care in the ambulance of the Theatre Français, that he would allow nobody else to lay on his bandages. As soon as he was able to rejoin his regiment he called for Madeleine, thanked her for her kindness, and left her a coloured meerschaum as a keepsake!

THE COUNTESS DE GASPARIIN AND PEACE.—The Countess de Gasparin sends from Switzerland the following "petition," to which she entreats Englishwomen to give their adhesion: "Paris enchained! The massacres are about to recommence. We, women of all countries, wives, mothers, daughters, sisters—we all, our hearts broken with sorrow, raise a supreme cry. Those who remain silent will have upon their heads the blood that is about to be spilt. We ask peace from the peace from the nations. We ask peace from the human conscience.—Countess de Gasparin. Copy the petition, circulate it, and obtain signatures, sending them without delay to the Countess de Gasparin, Valleyres, near Orbe, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland."

PROVISION FOR THE FAMILIES OF THE KILLED.—"The Government of the National Defence, considering that in the supreme crisis through which France is now passing, it is a duty of all citizens to rise, to fight, and, if necessary, to die in order to expel the foreigner; considering that, in return for their sacrifices, they are entitled to expect the support of the country in behalf of their families: Decrees, That France accord in behalf of the children of the citizens killed in her defence. She will provide for the wants of those widows and families who shall apply for assistance from the State.—(Signed), General Trochu, Jules Favre, Emmanuel Arago, Garnier Pages, Ernest Picard, Jules Ferry, Eugene Pelletan, Henri Rochefort, Jules Simon."

The *Main Zeitung*, a Hesse paper, speaks very highly of the Alice Hospital at Darmstadt, devoted to the treatment of soldiers suffering from internal diseases. It is under the protection of the Princess Alice, "whom," says the *Zeitung*, "we are accustomed to see at the head of so many philanthropic undertakings," and has been established by the English Society for the Sick and Wounded in the War. The Hesse Government granted the necessary accommodation, and there are usually about eighty patients, mostly suffering from typhus and dysentery. The Crown Princess recently visited the hospital on the 21st ult., and inspected the wards and the whole of the domestic arrangements, as also one of Dr. Mayo's new sick transport cars. The staff consists of Dr. Mayo, Fellow of New College, Oxford; Mr. J. C. Galton, Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at the Charing-cross Hospital; Mr. H. Rundle, formerly house surgeon at Winchester Hospital; and Mr. Atchill, dresser at St. George's Hospital, London. Some ladies belonging to the Alice Verein manage the household arrangement, and the nurses of that society attend on the patients.

With the investment of Paris and the removal of the Empress the doom of French rule in the world of fashion seems to be pronounced as completely as that in the world of politics. At least in Germany the imitation of France has come to an end. There is nobody to design the fashions in the French capital, nor have the besieged Parisians time to think of dress. The German hatters, tailors, dressmakers, &c., have therefore made a virtue of necessity, and begun to invent their own fashions. As a first fruit chignons have been sacrificed by the German ladies.

We read in a telegram from Berlin: "According to an official report from General Hartmann, several hundred women and children from Paris appeared at the German outposts between Montrouge and Bicêtre on the 24th ult. Being told they would be fired upon unless they returned forthwith, they replied that they preferred death to their miserable life inside the city. They were permitted to cross the German lines." If a king could refuse women and children permission to come out of



HUMOROUS SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

No. III.—FAT FRIENDS.

A city destined to be bombarded and starved, it would surely be difficult to enforce the refusal against such petitioners: no man can have the heart to sentence them to a cruel death. In fact, no king, however great in war, could get soldiers to butcher in cold blood unresisting non-combatants; and if the siege goes on such sorties may eventually be made in force, the very strength of the attack lying in the womanliness and weakness of the advancing corps.

Miss Pearson, the superintendent of the nurses engaged in the Anglo-American ambulance, has appealed to the English and American public. Their money is locked up in Paris, and they need help to enable them to work till they can get at that store. There is much to be done, and they point out that in anything given to an ambulance the gift passes direct

from the hand of the giver to that of the worker.

The proposed "World's Peace Congress of Women" bids fair to become an accomplished fact. A large meeting in favour of the movement has been held in Washington, the chair being occupied by William Cullen Bryant, the distinguished American poet. The Congress is to meet either in London, Brussels, or New York.

The capitulation of Verdun, and the advance of two German corps from Beauvais, one of 20,000 men upon Amiens, and the other, equally strong, upon Rouen, must be looked upon as symptoms of re-awakened activity on the part of the Germans—a necessary consequence of M. Thiers' departure from the head-quarters of Prussia, and of the final breaking up of peaceful negotiations.

A Swiss paper states that several trucks, containing articles of furniture, chaises, &c., have been despatched by train to Arenberg, which is the property of the Empress Eugénie. They were forwarded by General Plémy from St. Petersburg. This apparently indicates that the Empress contemplates settling there.

In consequence of the correspondence sent by two balloons from Paris, which have been captured, the German Commander-in-Chief has issued a general prohibition to the effect that no person is to be permitted to enter or leave Paris. The five passengers in the balloon who were captured have been brought before a court-martial.

The Mayor of Lyons has issued the following proclamation: "The Municipal Council, inspired by necessity, decrees as follows: Rather than submit to the shame of surrender, Lyons will be defended until complete annihilation; women, children, and aged persons only will be allowed to leave. Cowards in the face of the enemy will be considered as deserters."

The following extract of a letter, written in English-German by a young lady, a daughter of one of the most eminent divines in Germany, will be read with interest: "Stuttgart, Oct. 30.—Papa wishes me to tell you that he cannot agree with you concerning the terms of peace. In *Feinmähr's Gazette* is an excellent letter of Thomas Carlyle's opinion on this matter which you ought to read, as he thoroughly understands the position of Germany and what is her due. If you were here, and could look into thousands of families that are mourning for husbands, sons, brothers, &c., families which many of them have lost three, four, five members—if you could look at all the misery this terrible war has brought on so many Germans—you would be persuaded that Germany will not make peace without strong guarantees against such a wicked war being forced upon us again. Without Alsace and German Lorraine, with Metz, Germany will be always unprotected, and in a few years of great efforts for mobilisation the French will ask for revenge."

The Amazons of the Seine have been subjected to a sore disappointment. Their proffered services have been repudiated by the Government of Defence. It must not be supposed, however, that the aid of women is to be altogether dispensed with in this war. We hear of an address "Aux Femmes Françaises," urging them to organise committees in every department, in every district, in every parish, for the purpose of collecting blankets, warm stockings, flannel shirts, shoes—every kind of warm garment to be of use to the soldiers and volunteers in the inclement season now fast approaching, and of which we have already a foretaste in high winds and heavy rains. This appeal is signed by Mesdames Crémieux, Fourichon, and Thiers. In every French town a committee is to be formed, composed of the wives of public functionaries, to promote the charitable and patriotic objects of the association. Beyond this, we are told by the Tours correspondent of the *Times* that the women of France have on many occasions proved themselves possessed of great courage. Thus "at an affair which occurred at a place called Grand Puits on the 21st of October between National Guards and Bavarians, two women distinguished themselves by the intrepidity with which they went under fire to succour the wounded. One of them was Mme. Merle d'Aubigné, wife of a captain in the force engaged, and the other, whose name is not mentioned, was the cantinière of the Montreaux National Guards. The latter had her arm broken by a ball, and afterwards amputated."

A GERMAN STORY OF POST CARDS.—The Germans have their post cards as well as we, and abuse the new institution in about the same manner. At Dresden a gentleman received a card some weeks ago, conveying the following message: "I lost my purse yesterday at the Elbe baths, with three napoleons in it. I dropped it close to the water-mark, where it must lie still. As you are a good diver, pray go a-bathing with me this evening at six. The gentleman kept his appointment, and was surprised to see two or three postmen go into the baths just before him. Having undressed he went out to the platform, and there his astonishment increased: for, in spite of the unusual hour, there were numbers of men there, some of whom it needed not the sight of the Post-office uniforms in the undressing-room to proclaim Post-office clerks, for they were well-known faces from the receiving counters. They all kept near the water-mark, a place generally very little frequented, and took uncommonly long dives. The writer of the card was sitting at a little distance, evidently enjoying the sight. As the disappointed clerks returned from their aquatic search they found an inscription in chalk on the door: "Strict secrecy observed with regard to all postal communications." It was only then that they perceived that they had been made the butt of a joke.



No. IV.—POOR FRIENDS.

The Merry Hour.

When is a man obliged to keep his word? When no one will take it.

In a country graveyard in New Jersey occurs a plain stone, with this inscription: "Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged nineteen."

"Where's your filial gratitude, you naughty boy? What would you have been without your kind father and mother?" "I s'pose as how I'd been an orphan, Sir."

Husband: "If I were to lose you I would never be such a fool as to marry again." Wife: "If I were to lose you I would marry again directly." Husband: "Then my death would be regretted by at least one person." Wife: "By whom?" Husband: "My successor."

A lady in Birmingham complains that the first year of her married life her husband called her "my dear," the second "Mrs. A.," and the third year "old sorrel top," which was too much for her to bear.

Why is wine spoilt by being converted into negus?—Because you make a mull of it.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." A very doubtful adage, says an American paper. We have just seen in a country paper the marriage of Peleg Rowlingston to Ophelia Mosse.

(From Punch.)

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.—Nurse: "I can not allow butter and jam, too, on your bread, Master Alfred. It is very extravagant." Master Alfred: "It can't be extravagant, Mary, if the same piece of bread does for both."

KITCHEN DRESSES.—Fine cooks.
THOUGHT IS NOVEMBER.—(By a Londoner.)—Perhaps England's best defence against invasion will always be her fogs. No foreigner would like such a climate.

NEW EDITION OF A NURSERY RHYME.
Revised and adapted to the present time.

A—Lady Amberley—well can she speak,
B—is Miss Becker—the head of the clique,
C—is Miss Cobbe—who wrote "Broken Lights,"
D—is Miss Davis—supports Educational Rights,
E—is Miss Estlin—who works on Committee,
F—Mrs. Fawcett—both learned and witty,
G—is Miss Garratt—of Medical Fame,
H—is Miss Hill—the "Poor Board" knows her name,
J—is Miss Jex Blake—follows in Miss G's Line,
K—is Mrs. King—who braved prison and fine,
M—is Harriet Martineau—of Experience ripe,
N—is Florence Nightingale—who to praise all men write,
P—is Miss Pechey—the "Hope Scholarship" who gained,
Q—near that the University gave her nothing for her pains!
R—is Miss Rye—who fears no ill wind,
T—Miss Helen Taylor—few such speakers will you find,
V—is the Victory where these ladies' efforts tend,
W—is Miss Wolstenholme—the "Married Woman's" friend,
X—the Unknown Number of Friends to the Cause,
Z—are the Zannies who make up all Unjust Laws.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

(These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2s. 6d. each.)

BIRTHS.

On the 5th inst., at Telworth Vicarage, the wife of the Rev. W. B. Carpenter, curate of St. James's, Holloway, has had a son.
On the 2nd inst., at 11, Hampstead-hill-gardens, the wife of Captain E. T. Thackeray, V.C., R.E., of a son.
On the 4th inst., at 23, Oxney-villas, St. John's-road, Upper Holloway, the wife of Mr. C. Wright, of twin daughters.

MARRIAGE.

On the 7th inst., at St. Luke's, Raywater, by the Rev. J. A. Jacob, Thomas Walter, second surviving son of the late J. Jacob, Esq., M.D., to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late W. D. Bell, Esq., of Bourton, Lincolnshire.

DEATHS.

On the 4th inst., at 10, Park-road, New Wandsworth, Mr. Thomas Bates, aged ninety.
On the 5th inst., at 14, Bristow-street, Hoxton, Mr. William Robert Kemp, aged twenty-two.
On the 6th inst., at 35, Devonshire-place, Portland-place, W. Margaret Pym aged eighty-seven.

"THE HANDSOMEST WIFE."—At an entertainment recently given by Professor Anderson to the police force at Liverpool, the Professor offered a prize of a new dress to the handsomest wife present—the award to be given by the company. Thirteen wives entered the lists, and seated themselves on the platform. They presented a touching spectacle. There were nearly all degrees of beauty amongst them, in all stages of blushing. They represented the numbers of the man. The wife of No. 521 was declared by vote to be the handsomest, and to her the dress of honour was given by the Professor. She blushed even more than before, and looked deliciously happy. But who can tell the feelings of Policeman Wells (591) when this distracting honour fell upon him? The happy couple have been but recently married.

STOCK-IN-TRADE OF MR. WILLIAM BROADSTOCK, QUEEN'S ROAD, BAYSWATER, DRAPER.

Z. SIMPSON AND COMPANY

Have purchased by Public Tender of Messrs. FOREMAN and COOPER, Accountants to the Trustees, the ENTIRE STOCK as above, at a discount of 41 3/16ths per cent. from Mr. BROADSTOCK's cost prices, and are NOW OFFERING the same, together with several cheap parcels of Silks and Velvets.

The Stock comprises:—
DRESSES, SHAWLS, MANTLES, PRINTS, CALICOES, MUSLINS, FLANNELS, RIBBONS, LACE, HOSIERY, GLOVES,

MUSLIN TRIMMINGS, CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, STAYS, UNDERCLOTHING, CRINOLINES, FLOWERS, MILLINERY, and HABERDASHERY.

Doors Open at Nine o'clock during the Sale.

65 and 66 (late 48, 49, 50, and 53), FARRINGTON STREET, CITY.



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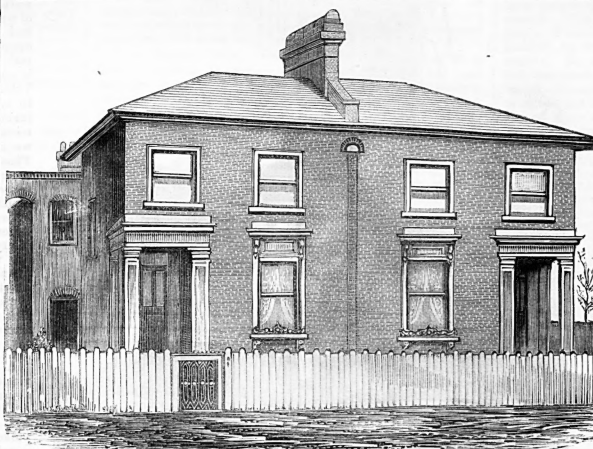
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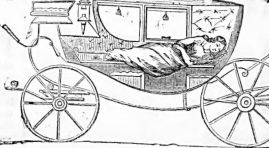
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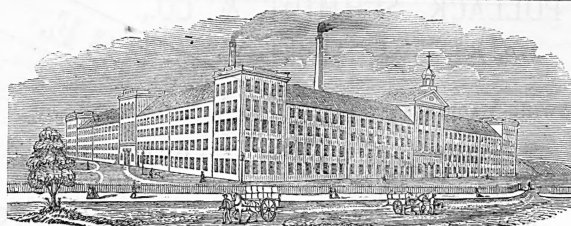
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QUEEN OF PRUSSIA	Aug. 6.
REV. JOHN CURWEN	Aug. 13.
CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA	Aug. 20.
EMPEROR NAPOLEON	Aug. 27.
PRINCE FRED. CHARLES OF PRUSSIA	Sept. 3.
THE PRINCE IMBERT	Sept. 10.
GENERAL TROCHU	Sept. 17.
MARON MONTELEONE	Sept. 24.
JULIUS FAVRI	Oct. 1.
VICTOR EMMANUEL	Oct. 8.
BISMARCK	Oct. 15.
BAZAINE	Oct. 22.

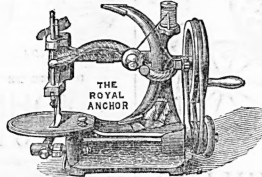
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